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# Global Glamour

Typical Beauties On All Our War Fronts

Painting by Henry Clive

# One Mile from Home —but Never Got There

For a Week the Boy Talked With His Folks, by Blinker Lantern, But the Angry Seas Kept Him One Short Mile From Home.

THE battered green bus labored up the hilly roads on its way through the Welsh countryside to the little port town of Tenby. For the fifth time since the bus pulled out of Saundersfoot some two hours before, the young man in the blue RAF uniform leaned forward in his front seat and asked the driver how long before they would reach Tenby.

"Another 10 minutes," said the driver as he looked at his old stem-winder watch. He pushed the gas pedal a little further down on the worn floor-board. "Y'seem mighty anxious t'get there."

"I am," said the young flyer. "First chance I've had to get home to see the folks since I joined the RAF two years ago."

"What's yer name?" asked the driver.

"Cummins," replied the youth. "Richard Cummins."

"S'funny I don't know you. Been drivin' the old Saundersfoot-Tenby run for 10 years now. Thought I knew all the young fellers round these parts."

"I don't live in Tenby. I live on Caldy Island. That's about a mile offshore. My father's the lighthouse keeper. I came to the mainland only two or three times before I joined up."

"Guess that accounts for my not knowing yer," said the driver. "Soon as we get over this hill, you'll be able t'see Tenby."

Richard Cummins kept his eyes on the road as the old bus snailed up the hill. He was picturing his father, dressed in his Sunday suit and bowler hat, waiting for him with the dinghy at the quay.

"There she is," said the driver as the bus reached the crest of the hill. Tenby lay below. Cummins and the other passengers could see Carmarthen Bay off to the left of the town. From this height the island of Caldy looked like a pin point on the sea.

Another five minutes and the driver brought the steaming bus to a halt in the village square. The young man headed for the dockside on the double.

As he neared the quay he slowed his pace. One look at the turbulent, white-capped water and he knew his father wouldn't be there to greet him. No boats crossed to Caldy when the sea was kicking up like that.

The boy went down to the fishermen's shacks. He found an old-timer.

"Would you lend me a blinker?"

"Sure thing," said the fisherman as he dug a battered signal lantern from his gear. "Going t'talk to yer Daddy?"

"I hope so," said Cummins. "He doesn't know I'm here."

He climbed to the storm-swept bluff. He blinked his little light for an hour before there was an answering flash from the island. Then, until dark, the boy and his father talked. Silently. In code.

Every day for a week the young airman spent the daylight hours on the cliff. Blinking the news his family wanted to hear. Flashing questions he wanted answered. The villagers kept his vigil with him. But the sea had no heart. It kept him a prisoner one short mile from home. Twice, through the chilling grayness, he thought he glimpsed the figures of his father, his mother and his sister.

Then his leave was up. He got back in the ramshackle bus and went away.

A fortnight later the chaplain at a bomber base somewhere in Scotland packed the personal belongings of a boy who flew to Berlin—and didn't come back. He turned to the orderly who was helping him.

"Too bad about Cummins," he said. "But he got one break that some of us don't get—he had a whole week with his folks just before the Jerries got him."

# Went on an Ice Cream Binge

WHEN pilots return home on furlough from the combat zones, they invariably confess that the one thing they miss most overseas is good old American ice cream sodas and sundaes.

Captain Daniel Riordan, 21-year-old Flying Fortress pilot of Washington, D.C., is no exception, and when he recently came home on leave he went on an ice cream bender that took on the proportions of a drunken orgy.

As soon as he landed, after eight months with the Eighth Air Force in England, Captain Riordan headed for the nearest soda fountain. Then he began guzzling 'em down. And he kept it up for 30 days.

Back at the AAF Redistribution Station at Atlantic City, at the end of his one-month leave, the pilot tallied his "intake." During the 30 days, he had eaten—

103 double-portioned sundaes, 98 sodas, 54 banana splits.

# A Match for Dognapers

When the Dog Took a Deep Breath and Blew Out the Match, He Outsmarted a Thief and Got His Master Back.

WALKING down the street of his home town of New Britain, Conn., the other day, Ralph Prims spotted a man with a dog that had been stolen from him several months before. He demanded his pet's return.

"Prove he's yours," the man retorted, "and I'll hand him over."

So Prims pulled out a card of matches. Stooping down, he struck one and held the flame in front of the animal's mouth.

"Blow it out," he ordered. The dog gave a quick snort, and extinguished the light.

"Okay," said the stranger, "no argument. It's your dog."

The New Britain man's method of demonstrating that the animal was his is almost on par with that recently pulled by Mrs. Rex Hassner of Borden, Saskatchewan, who showed that a dozen stolen turkeys belonged to her.

When 12 of her prize gobblers and hens were missing from her flock, she took a police officer to the nearby farm of Mrs. Andrew Burlak.

Mrs. Hassner let out a piercing "Y-eeee!" Twelve of the plumpest birds walked out of the Burlak flock.

The officer took Mrs. Burlak to headquarters.

• • In every country in the world • • • to millions of people • • • "JEEP" means WILLYS • •

*The Sun Never Sets On the Mighty "Jeep"*

# WILL THE "JEEP" SPEED UP FARMING?

INSECT CONTROL

ROAD REPAIRS

SNOW PLOW

If the post-war plans of many thousands of American farm boys now in our fighting forces work out, it certainly will.

Many a boy, who has worked with this amazing little Willys motorized fighting unit and witnessed it performing the miracles for which it is world-famous, is already making plans to have a "Jeep" after the war.

And what is true of the boys in the fighting forces is also true of thousands of men now on our farms.

These are American farmers with a reasonable share of Yankee ingenuity. In their mind's eyes they see the rugged, powerful, versatile "Jeep" adapted to the farm.

If it can pull a bogged lorry out of the mud, it can pull a plow, or a harrow, or a seeder, or a cultivator.

If it can tow a big bomber it can tow a grain wagon or stretch fence wire.

If it can haul munitions and supplies it can haul farm produce or milk or building materials.

If it can carry fighting men, generals, scouts, any place at any time, it can carry folks to town, kids to school, fellows on a hunting or fishing trip.

That is the way these farm-minded Americans are figuring about the "Jeep" after the war. Their minds are set upon having one or more depending upon the size of the farm.

This amazing little Willys car has won the whole world because it is a star performer in the toughest game in the world.

Not farmers alone but men in every industry, business and walk of life seem to have the desire to own a "Jeep" after the war. Are you "Jeep"-planning?

Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo 1, Ohio

*The power and stamina of the versatile "Jeep" will serve many needs in the years of reconstruction ahead.*

**Willys** *Builds the Mighty* **'Jeep'**

# Hijacking the Help

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

**IF YOU see a well-dressed woman prowling the streets of your neighborhood and accosting working women, you are probably looking at a servant-hijacker.**

**She is out to steal a maid. But don't call the police, for while there ought to be a law, the theft of some one else's maid does not yet constitute legal larceny.**

**Of course, stealing friends' servants from behind their backs, by offering higher wages and special privileges, is an old familiar custom. But since Pearl Harbor and the steadily increasing influx of domestic servants into war industries, the business of servant-snatching has become a racket carried on in the public streets of every large city in America.**

**This condition was first called to my attention when, on three successive early mornings, I watched the same elegantly dressed woman stand outside a New York subway exit visible from my window, and saw her speak to many of the women who emerged, obviously on their way to work. Finally curiosity got the better of me, and I posted myself where I could overhear what the suspect was saying.**

**I learned that she was asking anyone who even remotely looked like a servant to come and work for her!**

**Most of the replies she received indicated that those queried already had domestic jobs paying as much or more than the unidentified woman was offering. One girl said she worked for four mistresses, all living in the same apartment building. She was supposed to split her time equally among them, but each of them paid her full wages.**

**"And," she added, "when one of them wants a little extra time, that's always good for a steak to take home or some hat or shoes or dress of hers that I've a liking for."**

**Flourishing Her "Bait" Through the Kitchen Window, Mrs. Chipheavy Attempts to Catch a Cook's Heart—at Least for a While.**

**When my No. 1 Lady Pirate sailed off to other possibly more profitable cruising grounds, I set out to discover just how general the game she was practicing might be. And I found out.**

**Collecting evidence from friends in widely separated communities, I soon learned that these servant-shanghaiing ladies, whose tactics and boldness would make Captain Kidd feel like a piker and Henry Morgan blush with shame, are a familiar sight in most parts of the country.**

**Early in the morning they ride the subways, the elevated trains and buses, hunting a maid. They are too smart to approach girls who are tired by their day's work. In districts where there are many apartment houses these Robber Baronesses hang around observing a neighbor's maid for days as she comes to work.**

**Then if satisfied that the maid looks even halfway clean and competent, the Lady-in-Waiting will strike up a conversation which is soon followed by an offer.**

**No matter what wages the girl says she is already receiving, her would-be employer is usually ready to raise the ante. Result—the tireless scout has a new maid—at least until some other cruising woman encounters that maid by-accident-on-purpose and makes an even better offer.**

**Some Mistresses Bribe Their Servants With Overtime Pay of Choice Steaks and Expensive Clothes.**

**A more subtle method of servant-pirating is done through bribery at the local market. In these days with every kind of help difficult to get, Honest John the Grocer does not always get equally Honest Joes to clerk for him, and here is where Mrs. Fatpurse comes into the picture.**

**She approaches a clerk in the market where she deals with the offer of a fee if said clerk will act as a one-man confidential employment bureau and get her a maid from among those he waits on. Fees range from a bottle of Scotch to $50 in cash.**

**As I have always hinted, finders are not always keepers in the servant-snatching game. One California woman, Mrs. A., tells me that together with a dear friend, Mrs. B., she was homeward bound when they encountered a cook in the bus.**

**Mrs. B. made an eager approach and her extravagant offer was satisfactory with one exception: Mrs. B. lived in Santa Monica and the prospective cook felt she would be too far away from her bridge club in Los Angeles. However, since the salary was enormous, she accepted. It was all arranged when she got off the bus. Mrs. A., making a hasty excuse, also got off the bus and followed the maid.**

**"I'll give you the same money Mrs. B. offered and all the same concessions," she promised eagerly, "and I'll move closer to where you live just to accommodate you."**

**This "lady" got the maid but she lost a friend.**

**Another method used is to appear at an open kitchen window and lure the cook found working there with a better offer.**

**Servant-Pirates De Luxe Haunt Bus Stops and Subway Exits in the Early Morning—Eager to Shanghai the First Willing Prospect on Her Way to Work.**

**Among the first war casualties were the domestic employment offices. All over the country hundreds of them have been obliged to shut up shop. And those which remain open are having such a desperate time of it that they have banded together on a national scale to take action against the outrageous methods some housewives are using to monopolize such domestic servants as are available.**

**The agencies are awaiting the government's official sanction on the questioning of prospective employers on the extent of their war effort, with priority on household help being given to women in essential war work. In other words, before long the woman who wields a riveting tool will get priority over the one who wields a lorgnette. Under that plan the lady in overalls will get a maid through the domestic employment agency ahead of the lady in lounging pajamas.**

**This is no joke. The Woman's Advisory Committee of the War Manpower Commission has already made an official recommendation to this effect. And the next likely, and very important, step may be a price ceiling on the wages of domestic help.**

**Meanwhile, if the female pirates who go about stealing other people's servants would put the energy they use in maid-hunting into doing their own housework, there would be no servant problem at all.**

"Paper Doll," Money-Making Equivalent of the Pin-Up Girl, Is Now a Fugitive from a Lot of Hopeful Heirs.

Etta Mae Williams, Youngest of the Potential "'Paper Doll' Heiresses."

# Incredible Hard Luck of the Paper Doll's Papa

By CHARLES ROBBINS

*I guess I've had a million dolls or more,*
*I just quarrelled with Sue,*
*That's why I'm blue,*
*She's gone away and left me, just like all dolls do*.*

A YOUNG bachelor at the time he wrote "Paper Doll," Johnny Black lived to marry three times, and each of his wives in the prophetic words of his song "went away and left him."

But the story of Johnny and the disillusioning "dolls" did not end with those successive catastrophes, or even with his death at 45.

Now, the "dolls" have returned—all three of them. Ironically enough, the thing that has drawn them is "Paper Doll." But neither grief, nostalgia, nor any of the other stock sentiments of Tin Pan Alley has speeded their journey.

They've come back not to mourn but to sue.

Along with Johnny's stepfather and the teen-age daughter of his late father's landlady, they're all involved in a battle royal for the profits of "Paper Doll," which became a hit 26 years after it was written, five years after the author's death.

Generous, sentimental, happy-go-lucky, Johnny Black dawned on Broadway in pre-World War I days as a dance hall violinist. "Paper Doll" was written in 1915, but, since no publisher would take it, he went to work on "Dardanella," which became the rage of 1919 and is still popular.

"Dardanella" made a million dollars, but not for its author. Tin Pan Alley habitues believe Johnny sold it for $25, and in the end—when he got around to suing the publisher, Fred Fisher—netted only about $12,000.

Johnny's Widow, Sally, One of Five Contenders for the Profits of "Paper Doll."

After waiting in vain for him to produce another, equally successful song, the music trade dubbed him a "one-hit writer." Then, one day in 1924, he called up Edward B. Marks, president of the Edward B. Marks Music Corp., and asked him around to his place. Edward's son, Herbert, tells the story:

"Johnny was pretty broke then, but he still had a lot of junk he'd bought with the profits of 'Dardanella,' as well as a Jap servant and a canary. The canary twittered while he played 'Paper Doll' on his fiddle.

"When Dad told him he liked the song and would take it, Johnny said, 'Let me have a $25 advance, will you, Ed—so we can eat?'

"Dad gave him the money and the Jap rustled up a banquet. Then Johnny phoned some showgirls to join us and the night ended with a big blowout."

But "Paper Doll" failed to live up to this optimistic send-off. However, it enjoyed a career of sorts in honky-tonks. It was in such a place that a scout for a big record company finally heard it and liked it. When at length he located the copyright owner, things began to happen fast.

Radios, phonographs and juke boxes combined to celebrate its resurrection. Before you could say "Schmalz," 1,600,000 copies had been bought. It was selling at a 60-thousand-a-week clip.

Meanwhile, Johnny had run through three wives: Mattie E. Shanks, a vaudeville trouper; Willie Icia Kissick, and Sally Baird. The first two divorced him. With the third he settled in Hamilton, Ohio, and opened a bar, which he wistfully called the "Club Dardenella."

Four months after her marriage, in 1936, Sally Baird Black was contemplating divorce, but before she could go through with it an accident occurred.

One of the Club Dardanella's customers objected to the price of a drink. Johnny took him out into the alley to settle the matter. A few minutes later the customer was making off in his car and Johnny was lying in the gutter. He never got up. In falling, his head had struck the curb. He was dead.

The Edward B. Marks Music Corp. learned of the tragedy when the royalties of "Paper Doll" began piling up in their offices.

As news of all this money-in-search-of-an-owner began to get around, wives one, two and three emerged from obscurity. Wife One claimed that she had helped Johnny write the song and, consequently, was entitled to her share.

Wife Two held that her divorce from Johnny was invalid, so she, not Sally Baird, was in reality his widow. Sally, for her part, refused to give up her widow's weeds and thanked her stars she hadn't gone through with the divorce.

Herbert Marks traveled out to Hamilton to look into the situation and there met two other claimants, Johnny's stepfather, who had been employed in the Club Dardanella, and his 84-year-old father. The latter died before the litigation started, leaving his prospects in his son's estate to Etta Mae Williams, his landlady's 15-year-old daughter, whose nickels no doubt fed the juke boxes which may some day make her the "'Paper Doll' Heiress."

Johnny Black, Who Composed Two Hits But Never Hit the Jackpot.

Johnny's First Divorced Wife, Mattie E. Shanks, Who Wants Her Cut.

*From "Paper Doll," by Johnny S. Black, with permission of the copyright owner, The Edward B. Marks Music Corp.

# STEPCHILDREN OF HISTORY

## By John Erskine

HISTORY can't compete with a good story. Did Sir Walter Raleigh spread his new coat in the mud, so that Queen Elizabeth might cross a London gutter? Did the Father of His Country own up like a little man about the cherry tree? Most historians tell the fable before they tell you not to believe it, and it sticks longer in memory than some things that really happened.

Much of what we call history is legend, a large part of legend is scandal, and a surprising amount of scandal is furnished by reputable historians who usually pride themselves on telling nothing but the truth.

I refer to that type of historians who follows the example of Suetonius—Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus, if you insist on the full name, but the Tranquillus is misleading. He flourished around the year 100 A. D., and he wrote the lives of the Caesars, from Julius to Domitian.

What is your impression of Nero? He was a monster, wasn't he? His indoor sports were wickedness of all sorts and assassinations, weren't they? His public amusements were horse races and gladiatorial set-tos, weren't they? And when no other experiment could relieve his boredom, didn't he set fire to Rome and fiddle while it burned?

If our head is stuffed with these fables, we may blame Suetonius. He was rather proud of what he did. His deliberate purpose was to tell the whole life of the Caesars, and he thought the whole life of a man included his reputation. He, therefore, set down what Nero did and said, so far as he knew; he also reported faithfully and indiscriminately what people said of Nero, good or bad, the wildest rumors, the most sordid calumnies. If such things were whispered, Suetonius hands them on; they may not be true, but it is true the whisper occurred.

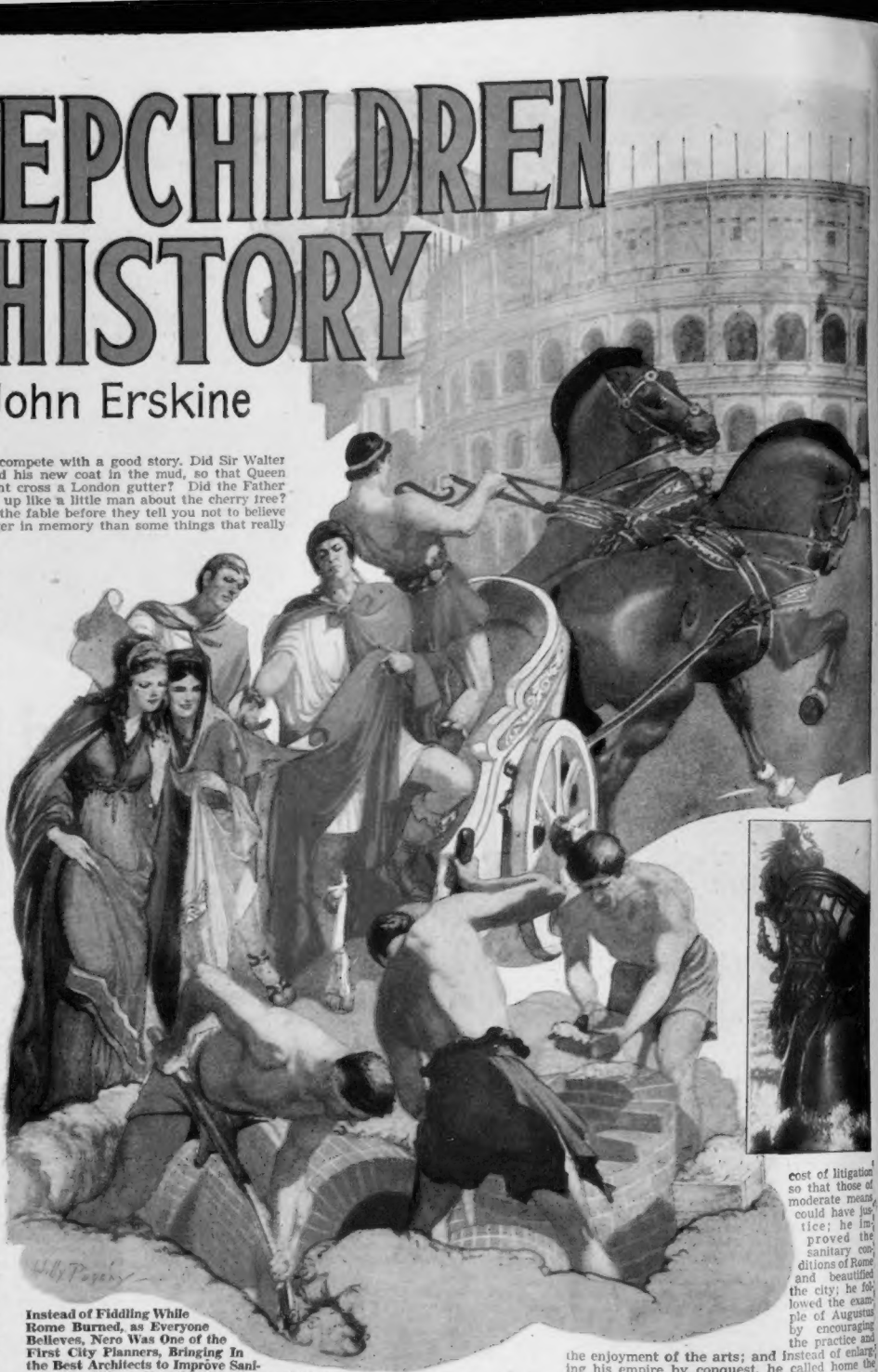
Imagine what reputations our own public men would have, our Presidents, for example, if historians reported every charge brought in secret by bitter political opponents in the heat of a campaign!

Suppose the official biographies of our leaders were compilations of prejudice and downright falsehood, of dark hints and poisonous implications, issued under the name of reputable scholars, yet with no account of the sources from which the dirt was drawn—in fact, with no critical comments whatever. Suppose also that the dirt-collector happened to be a superb story-teller. That's Suetonius for you!

The parallel here suggested is not mine; historians themselves make it. They know Suetonius was a scandal-hound, and they try to wash off the mud and give the truth a chance, but the old prevaricator is still on top. A good story, however false, is practically indestructible.

The modern historian makes out a fairly good case for Nero, not a complete whitewash, of course, since he had his shortcomings, as you might say, but at least a restoration to membership in the human race.

Nero improved the courts of justice, he forbade a lawyer, drawing up a will, to include himself among the beneficiaries; he cut down the cost of litigation so that those of moderate means could have justice; he improved the sanitary conditions of Rome and beautified the city; he followed the example of Augustus by encouraging the practice and the enjoyment of the arts; and instead of enlarging his empire by conquest, he called home the Roman armies, so far as was politically expedient.



**Instead of Fiddling While Rome Burned, as Everyone Believes, Nero Was One of the First City Planners, Bringing In the Best Architects to Improve Sanitary Conditions, Beautify the City and Make It a Decent Place to Live In.**

WHY didn't Suetonius tell all this? As a matter of fact he did. He is one of the chief authorities for any good in Nero's record, but he told the other things, too. What reader will keep his attention on administrative improvements and city planning when he can skip a page or two and learn how Nero carried on scandalously with members of his own family, sometimes on public journeys? Nero wouldn't have limited this reprehensible conduct to moments of transit, says Suetonius, if the politicians hadn't watched him closely, fearing his relatives might acquire undue influence over him. On the other hand Suetonius recorded that Nero tried to drown his mother, Agrippina, and his brother in an unseaworthy boat.

Nero murdered the Emperor Claudius, says

# Many of the Past's Better-Known Villains Were Actually the Victims of Jealous Rumor-Mongers Who Forgot the Good About Them and Scandalously Exaggerated the Bad, Explains This Noted Authority on the Private Lives of the Ancients—And Here's the Real Lowdown on the Private Life of Nero

**Suetonius, Barb-Tongued Roman Gossip, Started the Fable That Nero Was a Tyrant Who Gloated Over Brutal Sports While He Delicately Strummed a Lyre. (Below) Another Legend Sponsored by Suetonius Was That Nero Tried to Drown His Mother, Agrippina, and His Brother, in an Unseaworthy Boat.**

Suetonius, or if he didn't himself do the killing, he instigated it, or if he didn't instigate it, at least he knew it was planned. Or if that isn't strictly true, adds the hopeful accuser, at least he spoke about Claudius insultingly after he was gone, and ignored or revoked many of his decrees, and inclosed the place of his cremation with a wall much too low to be dignified.

We notice that Suetonius reports incidents which, whether true or not, neither he nor anyone else could witness. He ascribes personal motives to men long in their graves, with whom he never talked, and whose character, as otherwise established, makes the villainous portrait incredible. Yet since scandalous pages are good reading, those Roman Caesars remain early models of depravity, not to be rivaled until later scandal-chroniclers mishandled the lives of men and women in the Renaissance.

The Christian historians condemned Nero, properly enough, for the persecutions which he authorized. Other Caesars made similar attempts to suppress the new religion, but Nero's burnings, hangings and decapitations earned distinction in wickedness because St. Peter and St. Paul were among his victims. We are dealing here not with scandal, but with history. And there is no doubt about Nero's reputation being severely blighted by his religious intolerance.

Suetonius tells truth when he says that Nero was devoted to athletic exercises, skilful in handling horses, fond of driving his own chariot in public races. He is correct also when he says the Emperor had talent for acting, that he liked to sing, that he had his voice trained by the best teachers, and that he played well on the lyre.

But this love of sport and exercise and art Suetonius offers as proof that Nero was either insane or incurably depraved. It may be true that Nero at the end of his life said, "What an artist dies with me!" But this quotation is for Suetonius merely the concluding evidence that Nero had lost all sense of moral proportion.

Suetonius is here very Roman. The Greeks studied the arts to practice them, the Romans studied to appreciate them. When Rome conquered Greece, large numbers of captives, with the education of artists, became servants.

What Roman wanted his sons to have the same education as his slaves? The philosopher Seneca, contemporary with Nero and one of his political victims, tells us that a liberal education is best, an education suitable for free men who don't have to work.

In a liberal education the gentleman, as opposed to the slave, listens to scholars, and himself becomes, not scholarly, but cultured. He listens to architects without becoming an architect. He takes no part in Olympic games; in the arena, slaves and gladiators contend, and the audience on the benches make their bets and grow fat and soft.

FROM the vituperative testimony of Suetonius we conclude that Nero liked to take his own exercise, that he would rather do his own singing and harp-playing than have others do it for him, that he wished to live fully.

He was probably right when he called himself an artist. He was probably unqualified to be what Suetonius would have called the right kind of Emperor. He improved Rome with magnificent buildings, for which Suetonius condemned him, since they were costly, and the taxes went up. He made changes in domestic architecture so that fires could be more easily put out. We suppose this improvement was thought of after the great conflagration which Suetonius attributes to him.

**Bust of Nero From the Ruins of His "Golden House" Shows Him Wearing a Kindly, Rather Good-Natured Expression.**

The charge is that Nero set fire to the city so openly that no one dared interrupt him, and for almost a week he stood on a hill to enjoy the view. The origin of the blaze is unknown, but Suetonius pinned the incident once for all on Nero by saying that while watching the flames he called for his lyre, put on the costume he always wore at concert appearances, and sang the story of the fall of Troy.

Doubtless Suetonius would have said that Nero fiddled while Rome burned, if there had been at that time any fiddles. The worst he could charge him with was plucking a lyre.

We can check up on the disposition to smirch Nero by what Suetonius says about Octavius Augustus—that powerful and far-sighted ruler who gave Rome what is called its Augustan age, who preserved peace throughout the Empire when its borders extended to the limits of the known world, who administered the public business with dignity and honor, who had for his Minister of State, Maecenas, the immortal patron of Vergil and Horace, the encourager of all the arts.

To the reputation even of Augustus, Suetonius makes his characteristic contributions. He can't deny the Emperor's achievements, but he can qualify them by a few whispers from private information.

Though most people thought Augustus brave, the truth is that he was easily scared out of his wits. Thunder and lightning were his special bugaboo. He constructed a sort of bomb cellar under his palace, to which he retired in haste whenever a black cloud appeared.

HIS favorite pastimes were fishing and throwing dice and shooting marbles with little boys. As to women—here Suetonius ladles up some of his favorite mud — Augustus was attracted to young girls, and his wife, knowing, catered to it.

Suetonius did his work thoroughly. None of the Caesars, as he told their lives, escaped. For a million people who have heard that Nero set fire to Rome and fiddled while it burned, there is hardly one who can recite Nero's contributions to the progress of civilization.

For a million who believe that Julius Caesar, Augustus, and the others, were in their personal life decadent and rotten, hardly one can state the true reasons why they should be remembered.

It probably wasn't the intention of Suetonius that we should ascribe all the wickedness of Rome to the Caesars; when writing of emperors he seems to have been most in the vein, but he always did his best to detract even from private citizens.

He left us biographies of certain grammarians, or critics, most of whom he charges with plagiarism. He makes it clear in more than one case that the eminent literary man stole not only his rival's ideas but also his wife.

In the very important life of Vergil, to which we are indebted for much of the little we know about the great poet, we read some paragraphs which we'd rather interpret as Suetonian scandal than as truth.

Horace may seem to get off more easily than Vergil, but Suetonius tells the facts in his own way. He says that Horace was a turncoat. Later, according to this scandal, he "insinuated himself" into the good opinion of Maecenas and of Augustus. Neither is true.

We all know the Sabine farm, presented to him by Maecenas, as a place where life was led simply and without any orgies.

Yet Suetonius can't resist reporting that Horace entertained ladies there in groups and always in a room lined with mirrors. Sabine farm!

By professional historians Suetonius is still mentioned with respect. Professional historians, we may conclude, are human.

Why throw overboard one of the greatest story tellers for no better reason than that his best stories are lies?

*Allsweet comes to you white. For table use, it may be made the customary yellow by means of the pure coloring provided with each pound.*

# Just wait till you taste its *delicate natural flavor!*

If you haven't yet tried Allsweet you've a grand surprise in store. For here is margarine with delicate *natural* flavor . . . flavor from cultured pasteurized skim milk.

Swift secures for Allsweet the choicest food oils America's farms produce . . . then blends the clear bland oils by an exclusive process with all the cultured pasteurized skim milk they can properly absorb.

No artificial flavoring is added to *this* margarine. The cultured skim milk makes that *natural* flavor.

## Ask for Allsweet *first!*

Because of Allsweet's finer flavor, the demand for this particular margarine is steadily increasing. So it's not surprising if dealers sometimes are sold out. But keep on the lookout . . . and *always* ask for Allsweet first.

Your first duty to your country—**BUY WAR BONDS**

## *Fine Nutrition!*

A "Basic 7" Food, Allsweet is a constant source of VITAMIN A — month after month, in winter as well as summer — since it always contains a minimum of 9,000 units per pound.

A fine source of FOOD ENERGY! Bread, the staff of life, is even more appetizing—and the energy value is *doubled*—when Allsweet is spread on it.

*Allsweet*

*The "Guest-Quality" Margarine*

# Billy Bow-Legs and the STORM GOD

**The Seminole Indians Have a Human Advance Agent of the Weather —And Can Vanish Whenever a Hurricane Kicks Up**

**When the Storm God Gives the Warning, Billy Bow-Legs Packs His Tribe Into Canoes and Goes Into Safe Retreat, Deep in the Everglades.**

By COUNT BYRON DE PROROK, F. R. G. S.

WHEN it comes to predicting hurricanes, the Seminole Indians of the Florida Everglades always have a jump of days on the official weather forecasters.

But the only chance that their knowledge will benefit the general public seems to lie in persuading their pet weather-god to go to work for the U. S. Weather Bureau.

Billy Bow-Legs, the Moses of the Seminoles, leads his people not out of, but further into, the wilderness, every time there is danger of a Florida hurricane. As patriarch of an ancient hierarchy, he says he gets his "report" straight from Hurakan, Storm God of the Mayan Olympus.

From the long-dead Mayan world in Mexico, according to Billy Bow-Legs, warnings sweep across the Gulf days ahead of scientific weather reports.

The Indians of the Everglades are the only people in Florida who are not alarmed. They simply disappear. Long before the caretakers of palatial homes and personnel of luxury hotels start boarding up window panes and doors, and shopkeepers hammer down everything movable, the Indians have gone. They pack womenfolk and children into dug-out canoes and vanish.

During the hurricane of 1926, for example, hundreds of persons perished when the force of the wind was so great that the waters of Lake Oxahatchee were swept away. But not one Indian was killed. Long before, old Billy Bow-Legs had led his people to safety.

But where? While on an archeological expedition in the Everglades, in search of ancient burial grounds, I asked a white, gray-haired old trapper if he knew the secret. All he knew was that at least ten days before an official warning, the Seminoles disappear in the Everglades, on a route forbidden to other races.

To make contact with Chief Billy Bow-Legs, last survivor of the ancient tribal medicine men, needs influence. His mystic headquarters is the Seminole Indian Reservation on Lake Oxahatchee. The Indians distrust all white men.

Technically, they still are at war with the United States, and the Everglades are filled with Seminole draft-dodgers.

However, Billy Bow-Legs is on good terms with Mrs. Frank Stranahan, of Fort Lauderdale, who is known for her philanthropies to the almost extinct tribe of Seminoles. Through her I had access to Billy Bow-Legs, whom I found on the shore of Oxahatchee. He has a lined, aristocratic face, and no fewer than 18 wives.

He muttered that he could foretell the coming of "The Big Wind"—but that was a secret between him and Hurakan, and just as secret was the Seminole refuge used in time of trouble.

However, because I was Mrs. Stranahan's friend, he delegated his 18-year-old great-grandson to take me to witness the annual Seminole Corn Dance. In recent years the white man's fire-water has debased the primitive festival into a three-day orgy of drinking.

But, due to this drinking, I was to be able to locate the Indians' mysterious hurricane refuge.

"One-Eyed Charlie," a Seminole chief who happened to be devoted to liquor, said to me:

"Ten day before The Big Wind come, Medicine Man tell us to run and hide at half-moon. I take you to place."

With James B. Pond, who had accompanied me, hoping he could find some ancient burial mounds to photograph, I stepped into an old dug-out canoe with One-Eyed Charlie.

For three days old One-Eyed Charlie, drunk as the proverbial lord, expertly poled the dug-out through the maze of swamps, lakes, mangroves, inland creeks, past thousands of palm-covered hummocks of the Everglades. He poled in silence, every half-hour pausing to take a drink.

Finally, in the midst of a stretch of wilderness, we saw a fantastic landmark. A huge coral formation loomed a half-mile long and 70 feet high. The mass was in the shape of a half-moon, the extremities east and west.

Strewn about were decayed canoes and bones of alligators, deer, turtle, fish. The only sign of life was a group of huge, ugly crows. All over the face of the curving coral cliff were caves, the life-saving refuge of the Seminoles every time there was a hurricane. It was their secret retreat.

**A Jadeite Figure of the Wind God of the Mayas Which Seminole Witch Doctors, Like Billy Bow-Legs (Right), Say Warns of Coming Hurricanes.**

One month later a tropical disturbance was announced. I rushed to the Indian Reservation. The Indians had been gone a week. Once more Billy Bow-Legs had led his people away.

But the warning was as great a mystery as ever. The chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau at Miami said:

"Sometimes we are wrong, but those Seminoles, never. Their secret must be based on some sort of telepathy or a warning signal from Nature itself. But they won't let us in on it."

Maybe it's one of their military secrets: they are still at war with us.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

**After the Hurricane at Long Key, Florida, Which the Seminoles Foretold Long Before the Weather Bureau.**

# Now Shakespeare's A Sour Quartet

**Does the Discovery of Two Yellowed Manuscripts Mean That the Dashing Earl of Rutland Was the Real Author of Most of Shakespeare's Plays?**

**William Shakespeare, After an Engraving by Martin Droeshout.**

LONDON.

TWO faded manuscripts found recently in Belvoir Castle, the ancestral home of the Earls of Rutland in Leicestershire, have given new impetus to the hoary controversy as to whether William Shakespeare wrote all, part or even, as some extremists contend, none of the plays and poems that bear his name.

The manuscripts, inscribed on parchment in the writing of Roger Manners, Fifth Earl of Rutland, comprise ten stanzas of a love poem, many lines of which appear almost word for word in "Twelfth Night," one of Shakespeare's sprightliest comedies.

Rutland was a contemporary of the Bard of Avon and has frequently been mentioned — along with Francis Bacon, Antony Bacon, Southampton, Derby, Oxford, Sir Walter Raleigh and the Countess of Pembroke — as the logical ghost-writer of the most treasured gems in English literature.

Many critics profess to see much more than a coincidence in the fact that the versatile Earl, a scholar, traveler, linguist, sportsman, lavish host, law student, envoy to Denmark, courtier, soldier and sailor, died in 1612, and that 1612 was the last year in which any plays appeared under the name of William Shakespeare. Significantly, the critics point out, Shakespeare was a self-educated actor who had never been to war, had never been on a seagoing vessel, had never left England, yet he wrote intimately of battles, nautical experiences and obscure foreign places.

Pierre S. Porohovshikov, noted Shakespearean student and professor of history at Oglethorpe University in Georgia, calls the two Rutland parchments "the only extant scripts of all Shakespeare's texts, poems, sonnets or plays" and sweepingly predicts that eventually they will be recognized as England's most sacred national heirlooms.

In a book, "Shakespeare Unmasked," Prof. Porohovshikov contends that Roger Manners' entire career exactly parallels the chronological changes in subject matter, mood and outlook of the 36 plays attributed to the Stratford actor-playwright whose patron he was.

When "Titus Andronicus," a horror hodgepodge interspersed with Latin quotations, was written, Manners was studying Latin at Cambridge.

In 1596 and 1597, when a series of plays were composed with the plot laid in Italy, he was a student at the University of Padua, a favorite locale in Shakespeare's works. Rutland was in London and frequently appearing at Court when "Richard II" and "Richard III" were written.

At the time of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "As You Like It," each of which ended with two happy marriages, Rutland and his friend Southampton were courting two ladies whom they subsequently married.

**Clasped Book and Hour Glass on This Title Page From One of Bacon's Works Have Been Interpreted as Meaning His Great Secret Would Be Revealed in Due Time. Onlookers May Be Bacon's "Three Literary Selves"—Bacon, Edward VI and Shakespeare.**

Rutland campaigned in Ireland with the Earl of Essex in 1599, just before the appearance of "Much Ado" and "King Henry V," both of which alluded to the Irish expedition. He was in the Tower, threatened with the axe, when the gloomy "Hamlet" and "Measure for Measure" appeared.

The three most reflective and embittered plays, "Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline" and "The Tempest," were written while a disillusioned Rutland was vegetating on his estates.

Prof. Porohovshikov also notes that while Manners was an undergraduate at Cambridge, four student plays appeared anonymously.

Commentators have alluded to the fact that passages from them appear in "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Twelfth Night," "Henry IV" and "Romeo and Juliet," although Shakespeare could not logically either have heard them or ever have seen the manuscripts.

The professor concedes, as do some other authorities, that "Venus and Adonis," "Lucrece" and "Love's Labour's Lost" were written by Bacon, who supervised the printing of Shakespeare's works after the poet's death. These works include many so-called ciphers containing Bacon's name.

One Shakespearean student, J. Edward Morgan of Alameda, Calif., goes much further. He contends not only that Bacon was the playwright, but that Bacon actually was King Edward VI, the royal boy prodigy, who supposedly died at the age of 16. Instead of dying, Morgan believes, Edward vanished, leaving the throne to his two more worldly half-sisters, and turned up later as the erudite philosopher and Lord Chancellor.

Like Bacon, King Edward was fond of ciphers and signed several of his paintings (he was an accomplished poet and painter at the age of seven) with anagrams of the letters of his name.

Of course, Rutland could have "borrowed" the lines in his poems from "Twelfth Night." And that will probably satisfy the average reader, who shares with most informed authorities the conviction that Shakespeare was a monumental genius who actually authored the great bulk of the immortal works that bear his name.

**In Yellow Stockings and Cross-Garters, Malvolio Appears Before Olivia and Maria in "Twelfth Night," While Maria's Three Eavesdropping Friends Listen In. Lines From the Shakespearean Comedy Have Been Attributed to Rutland.**

## "Young man—you have it!" said the Wizard of Menlo Park

IT IS A warm August evening in 1896. Around a banquet table on Long Island sit Thomas A. Edison and the leading men of the electrical industry.

The talk swings to politics, to Bryan and McKinley and the Cuban situation—then back again to business. There is discussion about storage batteries to drive America's "horseless carriages". Someone points to young Henry Ford, Chief Engineer of the Detroit Edison Company, and says: "There's a man who has built a *gas* car!"

At once, Edison eagerly begins to ask questions—and to listen. "How do you explode the gas in the cylinder? Do you do it by contact or a spark?"

On the back of a menu, Henry Ford sketches his engine. Edison thumps the table so hard the glassware tinkles.

"Young man, that's the thing—you have it. Keep at it. Your car is self-contained—carries its own power plant—no fire, no boiler, no smoke, and no steam. *Keep at it!*"

Here was the challenge and encouragement Henry Ford needed. It was something he never forgot. Through the years, keeping-at-it has remained a firm tradition of Ford Motor Company as it has created 30 million cars and trucks.

It is this keeping-at-it in research, in engineering and production, that has made the Ford name a synonym for smart, comfortable, economical transportation, priced to serve the greatest number.

In the peaceful days ahead, the new Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars will reflect all the established Ford skills and inventiveness. Their advanced styling will match their famous quality leadership. They will benefit by the new knowledge of materials and techniques which is being achieved each day as Ford *keeps at it* in making the tools of victory.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

# Bonehead De Luxe

**Pachycephalosaurus, the World's Biggest Bonehead and Maybe Nature's Biggest Mistake, Waded Through Swamps, Always on the Lookout for His Flesh-Eating Enemy, the Terrible Tyrannosaurus Rex.**

MORE than 60 million years ago, when four-legged dirigibles and living armored tanks were running civic affs in tropic swamps that covered much of rth America, a new giant reptile was born.

But this late-comer to the dinosaur regime w no threat to the existing order—in fact, snce now concedes he was literally the big- gt bonehead the world has ever known.

Pachycephalosaurus is what experts have dbed this large lizard. And in non-technical lo that may be translated into just plain "ick-headed reptile."

Pachycephalosaurus, weighing a mere three ofour tons and carrying an oversized dome, hi a nine-inch protective bone covering under which there nestled a brain so small aman could hide it in his hand.

The remains of this prehistoric aimal were found in Montana five yars ago, and since then paleontolosts at the American Museum of Natural History have reconstructed te strange dinosaur's head by makig a cast of the old bones, with muscles and skin scientifically built up to nake him life-like.

Judging from the size of his head, he is believed to have stood at least 10 feet high and measured 20 feet from the tip of his schnozzle to the end of his long tail.

It is evident that the find belongs to a branch of lesser thick-skulled reptiles known as Troodons, first discovered more than 80 years ago. Troodons were only two or three feet high.

Nobody knows why this giant offspring appeared just as the whole race of dinosaurs was waning—after a reign of 140 million years.

In spite of his looks he probably was no more of a "numbskull" than most of these terrible lizards. His brain was neither the smallest nor the largest among them—they range from one to ten ounces. But from its bulky protection one might be tempted to conclude that it was the most precious.

Pachy's buffoon-like countenance suggests that he might have played the role of an amiable jester in the court of terrible Tyrannosaurus Rex, flesh-eating king of the dinosaur cla

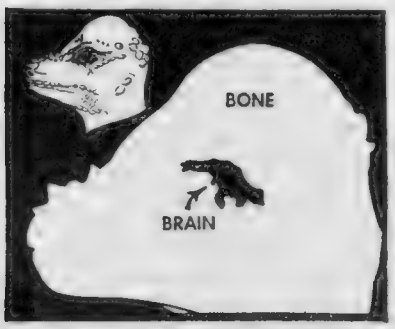
But more likely he ran for his life like all the rest of the vegetarian dinosaurs when his carnivorous cousin, Tyrannosaurus Rex, appeared For Tyrannosaurus was a big fellow, about 45 feet long with meat-hook forepaws and cruel talon-like teeth

It has been suggested that Pachycephalosaurus might have used his oversized, non-breakable dome as a defense weapon, a battering ram

But that seems unlikely, says Dr. Edwin H. Colbert, the Museum's Curator of Fossil Amphibians and Reptiles. A normal skull only a fraction as thick as the one the big bonehead boasts would ward off injurious blows and keep the brain from harm just as efficiently as the nine-inch mountain of bone.

So science doesn't believe there was a real purpose in providing such a headpiece. Instead, a more logical conclusion is offered by Dr. Colbert.

He believes that some disturbance of growth substance suddenly made the tops of some dinosaurs' heads grow out of all proportion to the rest of their bodies, much as glandular disturbances cause human deformities.




**The Dinosaur With the Big Dome, as His Skull Has Been Reconstructed, and a Cross Section Showing the Tiny Brain That Was His Only Thinking Machinery. Drawn by John C. Germann, American Museum of Natural History.**

His Troodon ancestors were only a little less unfortunate because their upper stories were less overgrown. But a look backward — or perhaps we should say downward — on the dinosaur family tree shows that earlier forebears, the duck-billed Camptosaurs, were entirely devoid of bumpkin cranial bumps and bulges.

Experts agree that through the ages dinosaurs in general became less able to adapt themselves to new surroundings or new habits.

Near the end of the Cretaceous period in earth history, when they made their final exit, some experts conclude, mountain ranges rising caused swamps and lakes to dry up and the tropical vegetation to change. This robbed Pachycephalosaurus and all his vegetarian relatives of their food supply, and when they starved, the meat-eating dinosaurs died also.

Other theories of what happened to the dinosaurs include destruction by volcanoes, great heat or floods.

As time goes on, it is just possible that man may unearth an entirely different answer. Maybe Nature had too many developments that turned out to be fatal errors.

## *"It's a mighty Topsy-Turvy World you're starting out in!"*

"And—while the thought doesn't seem to give you the slightest concern—I must say it has nibbled away at my peace of mind through many a dawning.

So, partly for your own future benefit, and partly because I like to sleep undisturbed, I've gone and done something about it.

"You know that life insurance policy . . . the one I started to take out before you were born. The one I had so many good intentions about . . . but just somehow kept putting off.

Well, today it's a fact . . . all signed, sealed and delivered!

'It isn't going to make this old world over—nothing like that. For I'm no miracle man—just a very ordinary sort of a guy, and your loving dad. But—if anything should happen to me—it ought to spare you and Mother some of the worst upsets, and give both of you something firm to stand on."

Something firm to stand on . . . yes, that's what we're all looking for. But most of us need something more. For stability, alone, is not always enough. We need flexibility, too. Solid as a rock—yet flexible in terms of changing needs—that's the sort of sound life insurance your John Hancock representative wants to help you plan. Plan it to meet your own individual needs as they now exist. Then review it from time to time to provide for the changes the passing years so often bring.

Plan it not only to protect your dependents while they need protection but also to provide something for your own future. To this sort of planning your John Hancock representative brings you the benefit of his company's eighty years of experience in fitting life insurance to the changing needs of its policyholders.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

Senora Carmen Matamoras de Tejeda, Accused of the Ritual Murders of Two Children.

By WILLIAM SEABROOK
Authority on Witchcraft, Explorer and Author

AMERICAN experts on the criminology of witchcraft have been asked by Mexico City police to help unravel certain obscure results in a horror mystery which has terrorized the near-by State of Tlaxcala.

It centers around a hideous altar in the walled patio of a house at Panzacola, on which the skeleton of a dog or jackal was enshrined, bedecked with flowers and with candles lighted at its feet.

Beneath the altar was the body of a tiny baby, presumably murdered.

The find was made by the police in a search which followed the arrest of Senora Carmen Matamoras de Tejeda on the charge of holding a nude girl in slavery, chained in a hogsty, and frequently whipped and tortured.

On the surface, it seemed at first to be a case of plain, sadistic cruelty. But when the demoniac altar was revealed with other paraphernalia of black magic, and the bones of a second child were unearthed near by, the cry of "Burn the witch!" was raised throughout the countryside.

Sixteen babies had mysteriously disappeared in recent years, from that immediate neighborhood. And it required no flights of imagination to conjecture what had become of them.

Parents and families, armed with machetes, pitchforks, guns, threatened to storm the jail, and bloody riots were narrowly averted.

Senora Carmen Matamoras, a heavy, arrogant, brightly garbed, once handsome woman, has denied all accusations, and defied the police to prove that she has committed any crime. And, it may be that she will establish her innocence. But some person undoubtedly must answer for the atrocious murders.

As a lifelong student of the criminal aspects of sorcery as it survives in the modern world today, I have studied this case carefully.

I am convinced that initial clues to the mystery may be found in certain queer details concerning her own martyrdom, as revealed by the nude girl in chains whose rescue raised the curtain on the horrors allegedly practiced within the sinister walls of Senora Matamoras' house and garden.

She is Soledad Perez Garcia, a small, slender, pretty child, who was 16 when she disappeared two years ago from her home in the neighboring large town of Apizaco, and seemed younger.

Recently her father, Pomposo Garcia, received an anonymous note saying that his daughter was held captive in a house at Panzacola. The girl had been seen at Mass one morning, guarded by Senora Matamoras, emaciated, terrified, unhappy.

Accompanied by police, Garcia went to the Matamoras house, where they found Soledad chained to the wall, covered with welts and other strange scars and marks, some of which showed the clear imprint of sharp, pointed teeth.

Doctors and Sisters of Charity at the hospital to which she was removed supposed at first that an animal, perhaps a dog, had bitten her repeatedly, but were shocked, on further examination, to discover that the teeth marks were unmistakably human.

Yes, Soledad said, the cruel Senora, who has been referred to as Mme. Werewolf, often bit her until she screamed and the blood flowed. Sometimes she would take her to the altar in the patio, light the candles before the dog's skeleton and bite her savagely until she collapsed and fainted from the pain, Soledad said.

People recalled with a shudder that the heavy, bright skirted, arrogant Senora Matamoras had a vulpine mouth, and long, pointed canine teeth.

BUT I have seen other horrors perpetrated before similar altars enshrining the bones of dogs, hyenas, wolves, and believe it can presently be proven by analyzing all the data in this newest case that the cruelty had a deeper and even more sinister significance.

I believe the author of the crimes was hallucinated, as many such persons immersed in sorcery have been, and imagined that she, or her child, was transformed at times into the form of a magical beast—probably the lupo-garou or "human jackal," the Spanish equivalent of werewolf.

And if this be true, the 16 disappearing babies, whom the natives believe will be traced to her door, may have suffered an even more ghastly

Half-Starved and Terror-Stricken, the Almost Naked Slave-Girl Said She Was Forced to Dig Her Own Grave by the Unholy Altar, While Her Cruel Mistress Brandished a Whip Over Her Head.

# "Mme. Werewolf's" Captive

**Rescue of the 16-Year-Old Kidnap Victim by Mexico Police Has Revealed Incredible Cruelties Inflicted by Her Captor and Started an Inquiry Into the Dreadful Rites in the House of Horror Where the Bodies of Missing Infants Were Hidden**

16-Year-Old Soledad Garcia Exhibits the Teeth Marks Made on Her Shoulder.

The Skeletal Remains of a Child Unearthed in the Garden Patio of Senora Matamoras.

fate than just ordinary kidnaping and murder.

Yet it is no wonder that this dark, obscure point was overlooked at the time in the welter of other horrors Soledad Garcia had endured, as recounted to her father and the police.

"I was forced always to go naked around the house and in the patio," she said, "and only when it was so cold I might have died did the Senora give me something to put over me. She would smile and say she didn't want me to die of the cold...that she was planning the pleasure of killing me soon in a different way.

"A few days before the rescue, I was made to dig my own grave out there, near the altar, while she brandished a whip over my head. And on the day I was taken to Mass, the very day my father came, she told me we went to the church because I was to be killed on the morrow."

It is not unusual for witches, deeply sunk in Satanism, to frequent churches and cathedrals. They partake of communion with their tongues and mouths coated with alum, abstain from swallowing the consecrated wafer, and afterward defile it on their own dog-devil altars.

"When I chanced not to be chained in the sty," continued Soledad in her dreadful tale, "and when visitors rang the bell, the Senora always called out to me, 'Run to your cell.' This was a tiny room where she would tie me by the wrists to a spike in the wall, and often leave me standing there all day.

"My food, once a day, was two flat cakes of cornmeal made with salt and water, and a few beans. I always had to mix the dough with my own hands, and she often made me mix it boiling hot, on purpose so that it would burn my fingers. When I vexed her, I was whipped, and she often whipped and bit me for no reason at all."

Soledad also charged that the Senora had rented or sold her from time to time to men. The woman had once held a raffle, Soledad said, entitling the winner to abuse her, selling 300 tickets at ten pesos (about $2) apiece.

When the tickets were drawn, she and the winner were locked in a room together. Her hands were tied behind her back, and the Senora came to reclaim her slave the next day.

The girl said she was also sometimes subjected to the whims of two of the woman's nephews, Roberto and Armando, who treated her "worse than any animal."

On another occasion she was "sold" to a Pueblo lawyer. When he returned her next day, the Senora beat and starved her, she said, because she had failed to please that elderly satyr.

BUT Soledad Garcia's martyrdom became a secondary issue when she divulged the strange rites, the meaning of which she had no conception, that often occurred in the moonlight before the dog-altar in the patio. She said that in the course of them she knew a baby had been slain.

The remains of not one but two tiny children were unearthed by the police...and then the jail was besieged by frenzied parents of other children who had disappeared, convinced that all of them had been victims of Senora Matamoras' horrible witchcraft ceremonies.

The police are excavating every foot of ground on the Matamoras farm behind the house and patio, while soldiers guard the jail where the accused woman sits sullen, denying all.

Senora Matamoras' husband, Angel Matamoras de Tejeda, a textile worker, also under arrest and in a separate cell, insists he knows nothing of the charges against his wife, says he was seldom home except to sleep, never saw her abuse Soledad.

About his wife's witchcraft and the apparently murdered babies, he maintains grim silence.

The rescued girl, racked in mind as well as body, is not an entirely satisfactory witness.

I find on examining the complete record that while her first faltering statement gave the impression she had been an eyewitness to at least one murder, subsequent effort to obtain further detail seemed to indicate she had been locked up in the house when the supposedly bloody ceremonies occurred.

The circumstantial facts of the whole case, however, contain so many parallels with past and present practice of the foulest form of witchcraft, known as necromancy, that it has all the earmarks, by analogy, of that hideous category.

The word necromancy comes from the Greek root meaning "death," and is applied to the form of sorcery which employs corpses, bones and parts of the bodies of animals and humans, frequently ritually murdered babies. It is generally practiced by witches and sorcerers who believe it gives them the power to change their own bodies into that of a cat, dog, wolf, or any animal they choose.

The notorious Gilles de Retz, who turned diabolist after serving as field marshal for Joan of Arc, tore open with his teeth the throats of kidnaped infants whom he sacrificed before an altar and went around on all fours, foaming and gnashing his teeth, under the hallucination that Satan had transformed him into a wolf.

Children found still alive in the dungeons of his castle bore teeth marks similar to those which scarred this recent girl victim in Mexico.

MADAME DE MONTESPAN, famous royal courtesan in the time of Louis XIV, had a similar dog-devil altar in the forest of Vincennes, before which kidnaped babes were immolated during a Black Mass.

There is another dreadful analogy in the fact that she always went to the Cathedral of Notre Dame before engaging in these satanic orgies.

Another parallel with what the good people of Tlaxcala are convinced occurred in the modern "witch's house" at Panzacola may be found in the Hungarian court records of the conviction for witchcraft of Countess Elizabeth Bathori.

She habitually bathed in the blood of young girls and infants, and believed that by doing so she could transform herself into an enormous cat, with power to pass through walls and locked doors, and bite and scratch her enemies to death.

Precisely as in the case of Senora Matamoras, the Countess Bathori was a sadist, who always kept one girl alive, chained as Soledad was chained, continually whipped, bitten and tortured. It was this girl, named Ilona Ujvari, who appeared as chief witness against the countess, just as Soledad will be chief witness against her "Mme. Werewolf" unless new witnesses are found.

Cases of this sort still occur today, some right here in the United States, and I have spent many years in their study. One which narrowly missed ending in an hallucinated werewolf murder involved a Russian named Nastasia Filipovna.

In New York, she had fallen into the clutches of a notorious expatriated British charlatan who had been run out of England and who set up his "hell's kitchen" in a studio in Washington Square.

During an attempted evocation of the devil to which I was invited as a skeptical student of magic, the handsome, partially unclad Russian woman went completely out of control, circled the studio on all fours, leaped on the charlatan, to sink her sharp teeth in his throat. She was subdued and sent to a hospital. There she recovered from her hideous mania.

In Paris, in 1933, the police arrested an alleged sorceress named Yvette Rostaud, against whom the original charge was simply cruelty to animals.

Dressed in a panther skin, accompanied by tomtoms and African mumbo jumbo, in a dive on Montmartre, she tore live rabbits and puppies to pieces with her fingernails and teeth, in the presence of degenerate audiences.

But the body of a human child was afterward dug up in the cellar of a country villa she had at one time occupied. She was sent to an asylum for the criminally insane for life.

Quite possibly this may be the fate in store for the slayer of Panzacola.

# hubbies we all have met

## *(time: any a.m.)*

**The 7 O'Clock Ogre . . .** Lady, probably all this long-face needs is a *good* breakfast. Remember, he's gone all night without food—his energy's *low*.

He needs *at least one quarter of his daily* nourishment at breakfast, as doctors and dietitians say. So slip him a delish-dish of Post Toasties—and listen to him purr!

**The Dawn Crooner . . .** Now if this little helpmate expects to feel just as perky at 11, he'll stoke up with *whole-grain* nourishment. One kind Uncle Sam's Basic 7 Foods Program recommends! The kind that crackles in every crisp bite of honey-golden Post Toasties! Jam-crammed with $B_1$, too, for powerhouse energy!

**The 11 A. M. Snoozer . . .** Hey, mister—next time try this nutritious eye-opener for breakfast. Stow away a man-sized bowlful of extra-crisp Post Toasties! Smother 'em with luscious slices of juicy fruit. Shower 'em with farm-fresh milk.

Taste that "gosh-ain't-it-wonderful" flavor! Stand back, folks—*here comes Mr. Ball O'Fire!*

Listen to those who know

**Government authorities say:** Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.

**Nutritionists say:** An adequate breakfast includes *both* fruit *and* a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.

**Doctors and dietitians say:** *All* of us should get at least ¼ of our daily nourishment at breakfast.

**We say:** All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

Grape-Nuts • Grape-Nuts Flakes • Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal • Post's 40% Bran Flakes

**LISTEN** to the grand new Post Toasties show starring Fanny Brice as Baby Snooks over the Columbia Network every Sunday evening.

# Everybody (almost) Has a Cure for Hiccoughs

One of the Wackiest "Cures" Suggested Is to Tie a Live Toad Around Your Neck. When It Dies, So Do the Hiccoughs, Said the Sympathizer. But Don't Try It —If Only for the Toad's Sake.

IF ANYBODY ever wants to stop the hiccoughs the man to see is Lawrence Schone, 31-year-old Los Angeles aircraft worker.

He is sure he has all the remedies.

You see, he had an attack of hiccoughs that lasted for 14 days. At one stage of the seizure it looked as if he might not live. His plight was publicized by newspapers throughout the country.

As a consequence more than 1,000 persons from nearly every state took the trouble to write, wire or telephone, each suggesting a remedy for Mr. Schone's hiccoughs. Some of the more practical suggestions were tried. Those that sounded too—well, impractical, were passed over.

None of them worked. Schone eventually was cured by sub-convulsive electrical shock treatments. But don't think for a minute that he doesn't appreciate the flood of "cures" that poured in on him, his doctor and Los Angeles newspaper offices.

Schone had had the hiccoughs for a week. Then a bad cold developed into pneumonia and he was sent to a hospital by his physician, Dr. Lloyd P. Tainter, who administered a deep anesthetic, thinking that would relieve the distressing hiccoughs.

It didn't. Other methods known to medical science were tried without effect. Then the "cures" commenced to roll in.

Elsie Ames Cures the Hiccoughs by Standing on One Foot, Drinking a Glass of Water and Reaching for the Moon.

Lawrence Schone Looks Over Some of the 1,000 "Cures" Sent to Him During His 14-Day Bout With the Hiccoughs.

Here are some that were suggested—but the recital doesn't carry any suggestion that hiccoughers try them, because some of the wackier ones might cause harm to the sufferer:

Tie a live toad around neck and leave it there until it dies. When toad dies it will take hiccoughs with it.

Think of going to the dentist, and having a tooth pulled. But don't go.

Mix black pepper in glass of whisky and place upside down on stomach.

Put grated raw potato poultice on stomach.

Drink half glass of water through clean linen handkerchief.

Boil the lining of a chicken gizzard and drink the juice.

Lean over and drink water out of opposite side of glass.

Put your little finger against your thumb and think of the one you love best.

Hit patient with fist between shoulder blades four or five times.

Drink 35 glasses of lukewarm water as fast as possible.

Nine swallows of cold water while holding breath.

Drink three pints of mare's milk.

Pull lobe of right ear with left hand and lobe of left ear with the right hand. Do this for an hour.

Hold your breath and swallow three times.

One letter urged that the patient be left in a small tent in a stable where barnyard odors are strong, until the hiccoughs stop.

Many interested persons suggested breathing into a paper bag held tightly over the face.

Others recommended Damson plum preserves, grated garlic, onion juice, huckleberry preserves, pineapple juice, milk of fresh coconut, sugar and vinegar, buttermilk, dry salt placed well back on tongue, snuff or pepper to provoke violent sneezing, teaspoonful of strained honey, lemon juice, tea made from sunflower seeds, sassafras tea, alum, strong black tea, white of egg, bark of cinnamon tea, as well as fresh horseradish.

One writer said a pint of champagne would cure the hiccoughs. Another proposed beer. One urged a tablespoon of good liquor every hour.

Many said anything that would frighten the patient badly would turn the trick.

But in spite of the cures tried Schone continued to hiccough.

Dr. Tainter began giving intravenous injections of glucose. That gave a brief surcease. Intra-duodenal feeding of glucose was tried. That didn't work, either.

Sulfathiazole had checked the pneumonia. Sedatives were employed to induce rest. A specialist injected an anesthetic into the region of the phrenic nerve that controls the diaphragm. That stopped the hiccoughs for three minutes.

Apparently there was some reason why the Los Angeles doctor didn't consider using the delicate operative technic that stopped a 46-day siege of hiccoughs for pretty Anna Mayer of New York, last February.

To save the life of this girl who'd dropped from 120 pounds to a mere 80 during her long bout with the spasms—Capt. Lester Samuels, an Army surgeon, obtained emergency military leave to return to his home.

While two assisting physicians stood by, he made a six-inch incision exposing the girl's heart. Then he reached into the delicate heart covering and crushed the phrenic nerve.

A hypnotist was brought into the Schone case in California. Numerous letters had suggested hypnosis. The treatment afforded Schone a period of rest for several hours without the use of sedatives, but then hiccoughs began again.

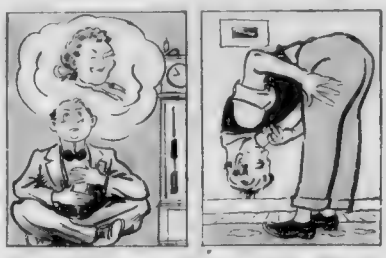
As a last resort, electrical shock treatment was employed. Through electrodes placed on each temple a charge of electric current was applied for two-fifths of a second. It caused amnesia for several hours and stopped the hiccoughs for four hours.

After a stronger shock the next day the hiccoughs stopped for eight hours. When they resumed they were much weaker and ceased entirely at the end of 48 hours.

A day later Schone was able to walk out of the hospital and return to his home.

Dr. Tainter said the attack was due to a psychoneurotic condition caused by worry over his failure to find a place to live.

Schone, who had come to California from Kansas City, soon there after found suitable living quarters. He says he is going to take things easier from now on so he won't have to try all the "cures" he received.



Two More Proposals. (Right) Drinking Water From the Opposite Side of the Glass While Bent Almost Double and (Left) Putting Little Finger to Thumb While Thinking of a Loved One. However, Better Not Experiment With Any "Cures" That Sound Complicated or Even Faintly Dangerous.

# Private Life of the Siamese Twins

"While We Waited in the Wings for E

**Daisy and Violet Hilton, Joined Together Since Birth, With No Hope of Ever Being Separated, Reveal the Intimate and Never Before Told Story of Their Fight for Love and Happiness**

By DAISY and VIOLET HILTON
As Told to Ethelda Bedford

CHAPTER III

THEATRICAL lights over the world soon blazed with our names. Our work as musicians, dancers and singers stood out. But at 18, stage fame did not answer the wish in our hearts. I, Daisy, was in love. I wanted to get married. I, Violet, wanted to become a nurse. I was in love, too, but the man of my dreams was married. We had new adjustments to make.

But at 18 and with the world at our feet—we had never had a date, never held hands with a man or been kissed!

"Why can't we go out and have some fun? Other girls our age do. We've never smoked a cigarette, tasted a cocktail—had our hair cut. We—"

"You are not other girls! You are Siamese twins!" was always the answer from both Edith and Sir.

In the wings of the theatres, across footlights, men looked at us—not as unusual performers, but in the way they look at girls they long to know. Romantic interest had overcome the scientific lure. Charm was in the air. We sensed it—and naturally we fretted because our guardians herded us into the dressing rooms and back to our hotel.

Our need to let down and get our minds off work was met with inevitable cups of hot chocolate each night. We had no haven of refuge and we had to do as Harry Houdini once had said to us:

"Live in your minds, girls." He told us that as we stood beside him in the wings one night in a Detroit theatre. "It is your only hope for private lives. Just recognize no handicap!"

During the ten years following the death of Auntie, the midwife to whom our mother had given us, our hearts were scarred. Auntie had willed us to her daughter, Edith, and her husband, Sir, the former circus balloon salesman. But our minds grew strong and our Siamese bond of flesh and bone became one of real understanding between us. Our desire to harmonize with each other was, indeed, our real salvation.

So much happened during those sad years, when the audiences of the world believed us cheerful and carefree. We had learned, you see, to put our worries aside and in no way ever inflict them on each other. Therefore, as we danced, played and sang, only pleasure and the feeling of well-being ever was projected by us over the footlights of the theatres.

After a Critic Ribbed the Grown-Up Twins for Always Dressing Like Kids, They Revolted—And This Was the Result.

It wasn't easy to laugh while our hearts ached and yearned for freedom and love.

Notes, gifts, love letters were sent to us in the most sophisticated cities, in little towns. Under the management of Edith and Sir we played India, Egypt, the great cities of Europe and every theatre of any size in the United States and throughout Central America.

"Big-time!" Sir would say. "You should be grateful and willing to do as I tell you!"

Big-time. The largest booking agencies handled our act. The social and handsome William Oliver, of Kansas City, traveled three weeks ahead of us as advance man—having our pictures on billboards and stories about us in all the newspapers when we reached the cities in which we played.

"Bill," as we called him, was one of the few men Sir ever allowed in our presence, and then we saw him only seldom and briefly. He was gay and in love with his wife. He called her Mildred and showed us pictures of her.

"I often tell her about you," Bill would say. "Autograph a picture for me to send her."

If we could only have foreseen what the autographed picture was going to bring about in our lives! But we were too unsuspecting and not even Edith and Sir seemed to think anything about the sentence which I, Daisy, penned, and both of us signed:

"To our pal, Bill, with love and best wishes from your pals, Daisy and Violet Hilton."

"With love" didn't mean that we loved Bill Oliver. It was just the way we had observed other showfolk autograph pictures. We soon forgot about

Bill and never once saw or met his wife.

We were big-time: 46 weeks on the Marcus Loew circuit at $2,500 a week. Our salary jumped then to $3,000. Then followed 44 weeks on the Orpheum circuit at $3,850 a week! We signed contracts which Sir never read to us. All our activities were in his hands . . . and we learned that he had himself named our legal guardian.

What's more, we understood that if we ever tried out on him, if we ever refused to perform at his command, we would be put in an institution!

We lived constantly in fear—and at 18 we still were forced to share the same bedroom with our managers, so that at no time could we run away or plot together.

"I can get rid of you," I, Daisy, would say to my sister. I could—mentally. Just as she could dismiss me—mentally. This irked our managers. But it was our only protection from each other, as well as from our keepers and their constant vigil. By saying it aloud to each other, we let them know that we could dismiss them from our consciousness, too. We could adjust, even to them!

"The Hilton sisters are attractive young ladies now. Couldn't they be allowed to look like that instead of kids?" wrote a critic when we appeared at Loew's State in Newark, N. J.

I, DAISY, just happened to read the remark in a newspaper we had read during our bath. I showed it to Edith and that day we visited our first beauty parlor, had our hair cut and marcelled!

As we waited in the wings that night for our turn, Don Galvan, the headlined guitarist, looked at me while he played, and every word of his song seemed meant for me.

Now my heart hammered the way Violet's did

Our Turn, Don Galvan, the Romantic Guitarist, Looked at Me as He Played—And ery Word of His Song Seemed Meant for Me."

Int'l

**The Luxurious $75,000 Hilton Home in San Antonio, Tex., and Left — the Twins With the Demure Curls They Finally Succeeded in Getting Rid Of.**

...the night that the famous bandleader, Blue Steel, dedicated his song, "Darling," to her.

Don Galvan bowed off the stage and stood be...me. Our hands clasped for a throbbing second and I heard my sister gasp for me. The surge of emotion swept through both of us as Edith ...owed Don away from me.

Sir kicked the bunch of yellow roses which Don ...t at our dressing room door. He wouldn't permit ...s to pick them up. At the hotel that night I re...d Auntie's punishments. Visions of the leather ...p came to me as Sir came over to us.

Remembering the clasp of Don's hand, hearing ...ng in my heart, for the first time I was not ...d I turned my back to Sir. Auntie had always ...pped our backs, never once hit our faces.

"Go on!" I said. "You won't kill us. You ...n't destroy your meal tickets!"

HIS black eyes turned to flames. We had never ...lked back to Auntie. We had been too frightened of her heavy strap. Her whippings had come ...e a part of our lives. We had accepted them along with our daily irritations, struggles and ...otonies for love of each other. We tried, within ...minds, to turn each quarrel and bickering and ...ging incident into some kind of lesson for our ...harmony. Now, a new fight had begun in our souls.

"We've made thousands for you—but we never received a dollar of our earnings! You still keep ...aged up like animals in a circus! But tonight ...fferent—listen, Sir, we are 18 years old. Don't ...u strike either of us or we'll yell like wildcats! ...get us a separate room. We're grown ladies ...d you should be ashamed to force us to share your and Edith's room!"

So that night Sir's bluff did not work. Edith ...ssed the cups of hot chocolate without a word!

This firm stand and the reaction to it gave us some spiritual courage. After all, they depended on our well-being more than we did on theirs.

Then we were in San Antonio, Tex., living in a $75,000 home—a showplace on Jackson-Vance road. The furnishings and grounds were ornate. Stained glass windows. Tile roof. A swimming pool, greenhouse. Lloyd Wright, the architect who designed the famous Tokio Hotel, had drawn the plans. And while the five acres of surrounding gardens were landscaped and strewn with lights so that a night lawn party could be given—we were never permitted even to entertain any of our friends there.

We could never enjoy the magnificent and splendid estate, let alone call it our own home.

During our rest periods, the servants were fired and we did the cleaning..."You need exercise!" we were told coldly.

We had made only one demand of Sir: "Buy us diamond bracelets. Not with small stones—big ones."

It was the plea we made in the presence of the beloved Daddy Morris, of the William Morris Agency, our bookers, before Bill Oliver and before any friend of Sir. Other stage stars had jewels, and this seemed reasonable for us—because in that way we could really get possession of something we could use for money. He never had given us cash

We got the bracelets. We sneaked newspapers We had a room and bath to ourselves. But now we were 23 years old and we had never had a date. I, Daisy, was in love with Don.

We had appeared on several bills with him, and although Edith and Sir guarded us too closely for conversation, I always thought Don told me with his songs and his brown eyes that he loved me!

Blue Steel had worked on the bill with us several times. He would arrange for his band to play either before or following our act, so that he could play "Darling." "Dedicated to a darling, Violet Hilton," he would announce. Then he would play "You Can Take My Heart."

JUST then there seemed only one person in all Texas we wanted to see—in a copy of Variety we read that Don was booked there and was stopping at the St. Anthony Hotel. We were reading the sneaked paper in the greenhouse when Sir burst in. He was excited; Edith was calming him.

"Just look at this!" Sir flung a newspaper down on the table in front of us. "What have you done? Bill Oliver's wife has named you in her divorce suit. You've alienated her husband's affections and she wants a quarter of a million dollars!"

"We don't love Bill Oliver! You know that!" I, Daisy, cried.

"Why did you write 'love' on that picture you autographed for him to send his wife?"

We were too stunned to reply.

Sir put us in the car and drove to the office of a lawyer—Martin J. Arnold, who kept his eyes squinted at the bright Texas sunshine all the while Sir was telling him why we had come to engage his services.

"The girls have got to fight this," Sir kept saying. We were told what the complaint charged; that Bill was reported to have admitted friendship with us and that we both loved him. It was even claimed that we were jealous of each other—that despite our physical condition we would go for weeks without speaking a word to each other!

We tried to speak. Again and again we tried. Then, I, Daisy, pulled up from my chair and Violet balanced me, giving me all her strength, it seemed, as I raised my voice so all could hear.

"There is something very wrong! My sister and I have had only business relations with Bill Oliver—never have been with him or anyone else alone. We've never been alone in our 23 years!"

For the first time the lawyer spoke. He looked at Sir but his words were to us: "A woman who has never seen the twins dares to say they have compromised her husband?"

"Read her complaint!" Sir said.

"Leave us alone," Mr. Arnold said in his deep drawl. "Close the door as you go into the other room. I want to ask the girls about this without your being present!"

"You can't send me out I'm their guardian!"

"They are over 21, aren't they? They don't need a guardian. Now, will you leave us?"

Reluctantly, Sir closed the door behind him.

We sensed that we had reached a momentous period in our life. We were confused, of course, by the unwarranted charges made against us.

But I, Daisy, seemed to have found courage in the kindly appearance and soft voice of the Texas lawyer who, I felt sure, would give us protection. Both Violet and I looked at him as Sir left.

"Is there any truth in what Mrs. Oliver claims?" the lawyer asked in his kindly drawl.

"Not a word!" we cried together.

"You are two frightened girls. Isn't something else wrong? Do you want to tell me?"

"We're practically slaves!"

"Slavery hasn't been practiced in this country since the War between the States."

"Then help us get free." We produced the pathetic pieces of silver from our shoes. In our great moment of opportunity we had left our bracelets at home. "Please, Mr. Arnold, please help us. We're afraid!"

**In next week's instalment, Daisy and Violet Hilton, the famous and beautiful Siamese twins, will tell how they fought for freedom of action in one of the country's most sensational trials.**

# The Pious Miller's Biblical Wheat Crop

**After Dreaming of Angels Ascending and Descending on a Ladder That "Reached to Heaven," Jacob Promised God That "Of All That Thou Shalt Give Me I Will Surely Give the Tenth Unto Thee." Genesis 28:11-22. From a Rare Engraving of 1728 by the Famous Artist Picart.**

AFTER all the thousands of years from the time of Abraham to the present, it remained for a pious Quaker miller to demonstrate recently that the biblical tithe, or tenth, of a crop can be exacted for religious purposes and that the residue will still produce a yield far in excess of anything that might ordinarily be expected.

Sitting in the Friends Church in Tecumseh, Mich., Perry Hayden, operator of a flour mill, heard a visiting preacher quote the text that Jesus spoke to His disciples after He had entered Jerusalem for the last time and was preparing His followers for His death and the resurrection:

*"Verily, verily, I say unto you. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."—John 12:24.*

The use of wheat as a symbol of life evolving from death had a particular appeal to Hayden, and there was a reference in the sermon to the ancient custom of tithing that made sense to his orderly soul.

Before he left the church he had determined to show that both the tithe and the ritualistic planting of wheat were as appropriate now as they were when Jacob, after the famous dream in which he saw the angels, promised God: "Of all that Thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee."

It would be pretty silly, he decided, to plant a single grain of wheat for his experiment, so he determined on one cubic inch as the smallest logical measurement. Measured out, that made 360 kernels of Bald Rock wheat, a hardy variety.

On a fall day in 1939, while members of the church gathered solemnly around a four-by-twelve-foot plot, a dozen juvenile Friends each planted 30 kernels. Then, after a minute or two of silent prayer, they all departed to let nature work.

And nature did very well. Although the average "fold" or increase of wheat in Michigan is only 13.6, Hayden's crop increased 50-fold. The tithe, five cubic inches, was given to the minister of the Friends Church, who consumed it as breakfast cereal. The balance, somewhat less than a quart, was sowed.

From that second sowing, 70 pounds of wheat were threshed. That was an increase of 54.4-fold, exactly four times greater than average. The tithe of seven pounds was ground—by a coffee grinder—into whole wheat flour, which was converted into cookies for the annual church meeting.

**Most Enthusiastic Harvester of the Biblical Wheat Crop Was Henry Ford.**

The other 63 pounds, a little more than a bushel, went into the ground for the third crop, which produced 16 bushels. The 1.6 bushels taken out as the tithe was sold for $2.67, which was given to the church. Hayden and his friends planted the remaining 14.4 bushels and, with the aid of Henry Ford and an impressive array of old-time farmers, harvested a little more than 370 bushels this year.

The church got $52.97 for its share and the remaining 333 bushels are being planted this fall on 333 acres of choice Ford farmland. The project will continue for two more years, according to the commandment in Leviticus 25:

*"Six years thou shalt sow thy field, and six years thou shalt prune thy vineyard, and gather in the fruit thereof; But in the seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest unto the land, a sabbath for the Lord..."*

That sixth year, Hayden estimates, will require the sowing of close to 4,000 acres, and should produce a crop worth about $100,000. The entire amount will be given to the church for charitable purposes.

"Perhaps we were just lucky in getting bumper crops," Hayden says, "but I can't help feeling that payment of the tithe to the church has helped keep good fortune on our side."

The payment of tithes is one of the most ancient and widespread of customs. Its first appearance in the Bible is in Genesis 14:20, in which Abraham gave Melchizedek a tenth of the spoils taken from four kings. Moses allowed tithes for the support of the Levites, or custodians of the temple, and for temple services.

In Deuteronomy it is related that the tithe must be set aside every third year for the stranger, the fatherless and the widow.

Charlemagne, in 773, ordered tithes collected throughout the Roman Empire for support of the Christian Church. England took to tithing in 786, Germany and France in the ninth century and the Scandinavian countries during the 11th century.

**Tithes of Beer to the Church Were Common in the Fifteenth Century.**

Tithes have sometimes been a source of bickering between the clergy and the people. For that reason they have been abandoned in nearly all countries except England, where they have been the subject of much legislation in Parliament. After many riots and revolts, a law was passed assessing the tithes in money according to the average price of corn for a preceding term of years. Now a fixed rent charge is required to be paid annually in lieu of the old system.

Tecumseh's pious miller doesn't expect that tithing will become a custom in America as a result of his experiment, but he does feel that it would be a great help to the churches if more parishioners would follow his example. And he thinks it might help the crops, too.

# by Betty Crocker

Hot spicy syrup bubbling around whole baked apples . . . flaky crust made the easy way, just with cream + Bisquick.

## JUST ADD LIQUID

to Bisquick! That's all—to make biscuit dough. For fluffy biscuits. For crusts of fruit cobblers, meat pies. For dumplings. Twice as easy as the old fussy way!

• • •

● APPLE PAN DOWDY: Spicy, fragrant, delicious. Old New England dessert, made the modern streamlined way.

Place *6 Pealed, Cored Apples* in shallow 6x10 inch baking dish
Sprinkle with *1 or 2 tbsp. Water*
*½ cup Sugar*
mixed with *1 tsp. Cinnamon*
Cover with *Shortcake Dough* (just cream + Bisquick; see package)

Prick top with fork. Bake about 45 min. (until apples are tender) in moderately hot oven (400°). Serve warm, with cream.

• • •

● SAVES WORK! Bisquick surely does that. It's a blend of six ingredients: Pure vegetable shortening, baking powder, Gold Medal Enriched Flour, salt, sugar, powdered milk. You just add milk for biscuits.

• • •

● CALAMITY-PROOF, too. My staff at General Mills will tell you so. Bisquick, you see, contains such fine home-type ingredients, blended more skilfully than is possible at home. Do try Bisquick. Simple directions on package for ten basic bakings. Including muffins, waffles, pancakes, meat pies, dumplings, cobblers.

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Full cost of all ingredients in cake refunded if this new Betty Crocker Method and Softasilk Cake Flour do not give you better results in a similar type cake than any other flour and any other recipe. GENERAL MILLS, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

## Pink and White Party Cake

*Try this 4-Minute Betty Crocker Recipe*

Make sure all ingredients are room temperature. (Shortening should be soft, not melted.) Pre-heat oven to 350°. Prepare pans (see below). Sift Softasilk before measuring. Measure all ingredients before starting to mix.

Sift together into bowl: 2¼ cups sifted Softasilk; ¾ tsp. or 4¼ or 5 tsp. baking powder; 1 tsp. salt; 1½ cups sugar

Add: ½ cup high grade vegetable shortening

and: ⅔ of 1 cup skimmed milk

Beat vigorously with spoon (up and over motion) or mix with electric mixer on *same to medium* speed for 2 min. by clock. Scrape bowl *frequently*.

Add: remaining ½ cup milk; 1 tsp. flavoring; ½ to ⅔ cup egg whites, unbeaten (4 large)

Continue beating 2 more min. (scraping bowl frequently). Turn half the cake batter pink with a few drops red vegetable color. Pour into 2 well greased and floured 8-in. *round layer* cake pans. Bake *30 to 35 min. in moderate oven* (350°). Put layers together and ice with Pink Jelly Icing.

# Deceitful Diamonds

BRUNO OF HOLLYWOOD

**Are Your Diamonds Genuine? Try Filing a Stone; If It Is Real, It Will Ruin Your File.**

**By MICHAEL "MICKEY" MacDOUGALL**
**Famous Card Detective and Author Who Has Exposed Swindlers**

SEEING isn't always believing when it comes to diamonds. They may look like a million dollars but they sometimes may be no more genuine than the phony who peddles them.

Often only experts can tell the difference -- amazing "diamond detectives" who, through long experience, can detect a spurious stone in the dark, by touch and smell.

Recently one of these "diamond detectives" was called in by a bank to appraise jewelry offered as collateral for a loan.

The lot contained eight fine-looking diamond rings, among them a stone of four and one-half carats which the owner called the Southern Star.

To the eye the stone was perfect. It appeared to be a flawless Blue Jager. But something bothered the expert, Jack Werst, of New York. Despite his apprehension, Mr. Werst was about to pronounce the stone O.K. when he became aware of a faint, peculiar odor—the aroma of bitter almonds. That meant prussic acid.

"This stone is doctored," the diamond sleuth informed the amazed banker. "It isn't a genuine Blue Jager but a far less valuable Silver Cape. The back has been treated with a colorless chemical which temporarily changes a cheap yellow stone into an expensive blue-white."

Jack sent for a cup of boiling water and a spoonful of lye. Then he dropped the Southern Star into the lye solution.

"The boiling lye will remove the bluing and the stone will return to its true color," Jack explained.

Sure enough, it lost brilliance.

Until recently few so-called diamond hustlers attempted to swindle the layman. They were after big money, which necessitated bilking the bank, the insurance company or the jewelry store. But practically every pawnbroker has been victimized at one time or another with a "topper."

The "topper" is a genuine diamond, so it will pass most tests. The swindle consists of doubling the apparent depth of the diamond. The gyp artist simply buys a shallow stone, and, after a little hocus-pocus, sells it to the jeweler as a deep gem.

After buying the shallow diamond, the swindler obtains a white sapphire, which is fastened to the bottom of the diamond with bifocal glue. The diamond is doubled in size and has added brilliance.

A keen eye can see where the two stones are joined, but the gyp artist easily takes care of that minor detail. The gimmicked diamond is set into a ring with a type of mounting which conceals the give-away junction.

It isn't always true that the larger the stone the greater the value. The smaller diamonds, called melees, which are used to enhance the beauty of the central stone, gain in value as they decrease in size.

The reason for this is the high cost of expert labor. All diamonds have to be cut to bring out their natural brilliance, and the melee is no exception. Instead of the full 58 facets, the smaller melees have 16 facets. Stones weighing from 4/100 of a carat down advance sharply in price as the size decreases because of the difficulty in cutting and polishing.

Ignorance of this fact on the part of a pseudo salesman enabled Mr. Werst to trap a Nazi agent. This, in turn, made it possible for the United States Government to end a smuggling racket of large proportions.

The story begins in Amsterdam, Holland, where almost all melees were cut in pre-war days. When Hitler's hordes overran The Netherlands, they appropriated a huge stock of these diamonds. The Reich sent salesmen all over the world to dispose of these stolen gems.

In the United States, Hitlerites bought out a bankrupt jewelry concern, added their filched melees to the stock and tried to sell everything at auction.

Mr. Werst, attending a sale, realized that the melees were incorrectly priced—the larger ones costing the most. He notified Federal authorities.

How can a diamond buyer protect himself?

Here are tips from authorities:

Do not put your trust in the glass-cutting test. Any hard and sharp edge will scratch glass. The jeweler usually tests a stone with a fine steel file. No genuine diamond is harmed by the file test—providing both the file and stone are free from grease.

When marked by an aluminum pencil, the genuine may easily be cleaned. An imitation holds the mark.

Put a small drop of water on the face of a clean diamond. If the gem is genuine, the drop may be rolled about with the point of a pin and will still retain its globular shape. If it's imitation, the water will spread.

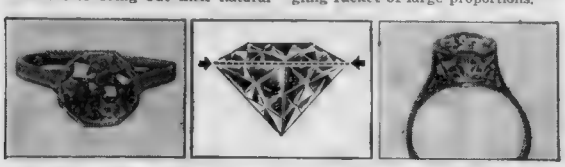
In clear water a diamond will be easily discernible—a bogus gem will be almost invisible.

Hydrofluoric acid will dissolve an imitation if given time, but will not injure a real diamond.

To paraphrase an old slogan—If you don't know diamonds, know your jeweler. Or better still, know your diamond detective.



**Any Hard Stone Will Scratch Plate Glass; a Better Test Is to Drop a Point of Water on the Diamond's Surface. If the Drop Retains Its Globular Shape, the Gem Is Real.**



**A Diamond Ring With a Stone of Depth—But Remove the Concealing Setting and a "Topper" Is Revealed, Consisting of a Shallow Diamond Fastened to a Deep White Sapphire Which Doubles the Depth.**

THE LHS FAMILY

These pipes made of *Genuine Imported Briar*

- Sternecrest Ultrafine $10.00
- Sternecrest 14K . . . 7.50
- Sternecrest Sterling . 5.00
- Certified Purex . . . 3.50

No matter what price you pay, if it's an LHS it's the best pipe in its price class.

These pipes made of *American Briar*

- Select Grain . . . . $2.50
- Silvercrest . . . . . 2.00
- Superfine Purex . . 1.50
- Sculptured Purex . . 1.50

$5

...STERN INC., 56 Penn St., Brooklyn, N.Y.


# Wanna Fight?

**When No One Showed Any Interest in Taking Over Their New Country the 600 Campionians Declared War on the Peaceful Swiss.**

ODD as it may seem, there is one country in this war-torn world that is itching for a fight and can't get any takers. To date, all of its declarations of war have been snubbed. No one is interested in giving battle to its would-be warlike citizenry.

The country is Campione. Never heard of it? Well, you're excused, because it's not to be found on any map. The place is too new. The "nation" was founded just a short time ago.

Campione is a tiny islet near the Swiss shore of Lake Lucerne. It is in Italian territory. But when Mussolini hit the skids, the 600 residents of the dinky isle decided to overthrow their Fascist rulers. And they did.

Then the Campionians asked the Swiss government to take them over. The request was refused. Someone got the bright idea of declaring war on Switzerland, figuring that would force the Swiss to move in. But the Swiss, peaceful souls that they are, ignored the declaration.

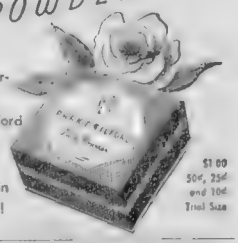
Now the rulers of Campione don't know what to do. Their little bailiwick in reality is in dire economic straits. It needs the protection of a bigger country if it is to survive. The question is, where to get it.

The Campionians don't want to have anything to do with the Germans, and the latter are too busy to be concerned with the miniature revolt—as is everybody else in these fast-moving times.


*Your aids to loveliness*

Park & Tilford

COLOR-KEYED FACE POWDER



Only Park & Tilford offers "Color-Keyed" face powders. At all toilet-counters see the Park & Tilford *Shade Selector*. It gives your correct, romantic shades for day and evening. Millions find in them *new, longer-lasting* beauty!

$1.00
50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ Trial Size


It's easy to make new fashions from The American Weekly patterns


"Everybody's talking about it—

Strain tests show **LUXed** stockings last **twice** as long!"

Such an easy way to get extra wear from every pair of stockings! Just Lux them after each wearing. Luxing saves precious elasticity—cuts down costly runs, prolongs wear.

Strain tests proved it! Luxed stockings didn't go into runs nearly so easily as those rubbed with cake soap or washed with a strong soap—they lasted *twice* as long. That's like getting an *extra* pair of stockings every time you buy a pair. Remember to dry rayons thoroughly before wearing—24 to 48 hours.

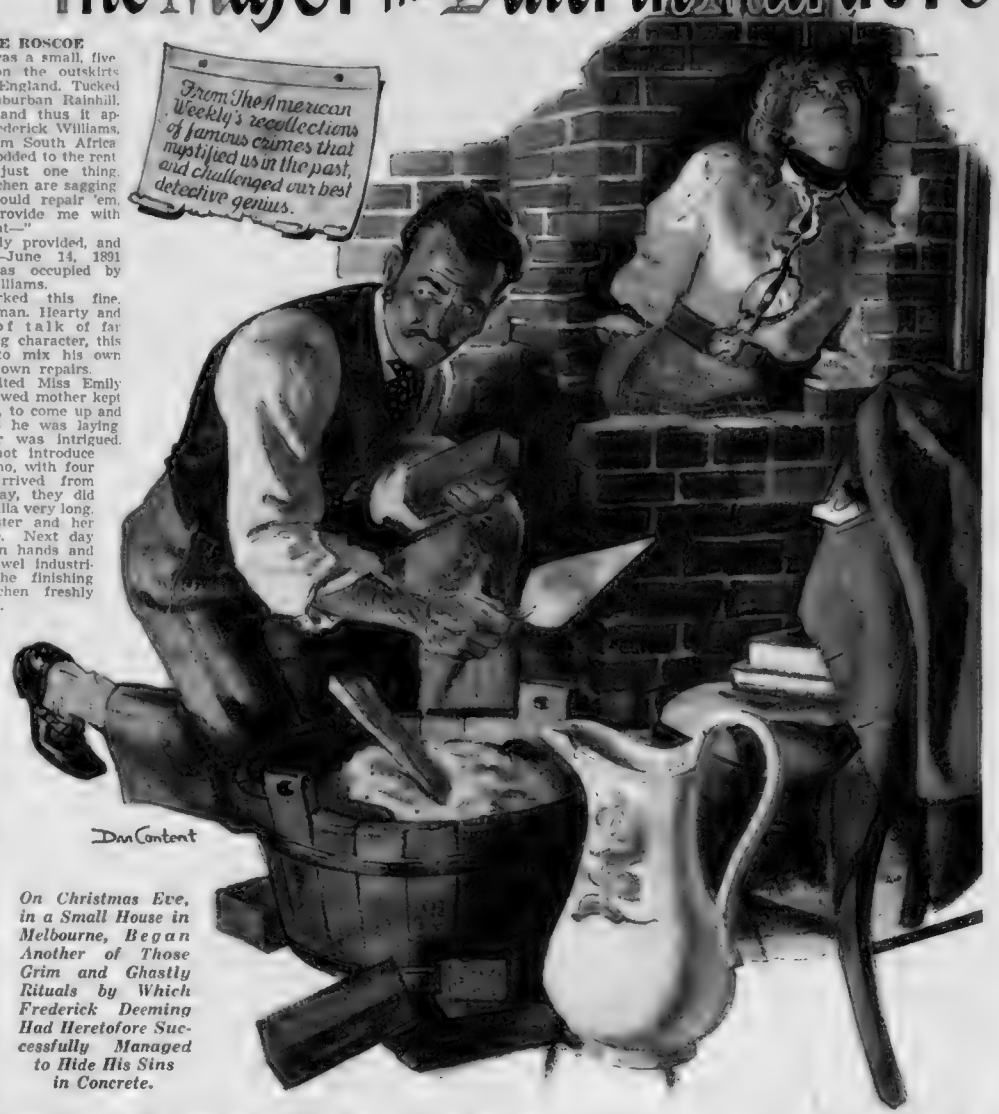
**Over 90% of the makers of stockings recommend LUX**

SOAP CONTAINS VITAL WAR MATERIALS—
*DON'T WASTE IT!*

# The Case of The Major and the Built-in Murders

By THEODORE ROSCOE

From The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.




*On Christmas Eve, in a Small House in Melbourne, Began Another of Those Grim and Ghastly Rituals by Which Frederick Deeming Had Heretofore Successfully Managed to Hide His Sins in Concrete.*

DINHAM Villa was a small, five room house on the outskirts of Liverpool, England. Tucked into a corner of suburban Rainhill, it promised peace and thus it appealed to Major Frederick Williams, Army Inspector from South Africa.

"Delightful," he nodded to the renting agent. "But just one thing. The floors in the kitchen are sagging. Tell you what—I could repair 'em, myself—if you'll provide me with the necessary cement—"

Cement was gladly provided, and shortly thereafter—June 14, 1891—Dinham Villa was occupied by Major Frederick Williams.

Neighbors remarked this fine, burly figure of a man. Hearty and hail-fellow. Full of talk of far frontiers. A Kipling character, this major who liked to mix his own cement and do his own repairs.

One day he invited Miss Emily Mather, whose widowed mother kept the local news shop, to come up and see the new floors he was laying. Little Miss Mather was intrigued.

The major did not introduce her to his sister who, with four youngsters, had arrived from Birkenhead. Anyway, they did not remain at the Villa very long.

July 1, 1891, Sister and her children were gone. Next day found the major on hands and knees, with his trowel industriously putting the finishing touches on a kitchen freshly floored with cement.

That night, exuberant as always, he gave a bachelor's dinner and amidst much joviality he announced his intention to marry Miss Mather.

The ceremony took place on Sept. 22, 1891.

"I am so happy," his bride wrote to a cousin. "We go to London soon, and from there to Australia."

From London, the following month, she wrote her mother in similar vein.

Arriving in Australia, Christmas Week, 1891, he rented a small house in Andrew Street, Windsor, on the outskirts of Melbourne, and again a rental clause included repair work and an order for cement.

This time the fireplace was out of kilter. December 23rd and 24th, however, seemed a peculiar time for the major to have the house in a mess with bricks and cement all over the place.

Strangely enough the major, at a near-by pub, was seen eating his Christmas dinner alone. New Year's Eve, too, he celebrated by himself.

"Fixed the fireplace up fine," he told the landlord. "Incidentally, I'm running over to Cape Town next week. Chance to invest in Kimberley."

So Miss Katy Rounsfell, standing at the rail of a ship sailing January 5, 1892, Melbourne for Sydney, found herself smiled upon by an engaging gentleman who introduced himself as the "Baron Swanston." She was on the way to Bathurst.

Two moonlights later he was proposing. And in three, he was giving Katy a necklace, earrings, other gems. "You can join me in Sydney," he told her, "and we'll be married as soon as I find a suitable house."

He wasn't long in finding a suitable house. It called for a somewhat old rental clause, the landlord to furnish cement. Fortunately for Miss Rounsfell, the cement that was supplied never mixed into her destiny.

For March had arrived, and with it home-seekers desiring to rent a certain house in suburban Melbourne. These clients returned to the rental agent complaining of a peculiar odor in the vacant rooms, but no one could locate its source. A policeman, summoned later, seemed familiar with the smell of death.

Brick and hearthstones were dislodged, and the workmen uncovered the remains of "Mrs. Droven."

While detectives rushed out to search for Mr. Droven, Scotland Yard was notified; investigation in London revealed the Drovens as having come from Rainhill, Liverpool.

Rainhill police could find no record of any departing Drovens, but they did recall Major Frederick Williams and his bride. A squad of constables hurried out to Dinham Villa.

The new cement floor in the kitchen was quickly torn up. There, under the floor, five graves gave proof that the major's sister and her children had never left England.

Advised of this horrible find, the Australian police launched a manhunt for "Major Frederick Williams Droven." Melbourne authorities had already traced him to the Sydney steamer. Witnesses were found who had watched the budding romance between "Baron Swanston" and pretty Miss Rounsfell; the latter was located at Bathurst where she tearfully gave over a bundle of love letters, plus the baron's address. Detective-Inspector A. D. Cawsley from Melbourne who had with him a Mr. J. Hirschfeldt, fellow passenger of the Drovens on the voyage from England, located him in Sydney. Hirschfeldt identified the baron as "Mr. Droven."

Accused of murder, the baron was arrested after a short but ferocious fight. Then a search of the monster's pockets revealed another identity, and the Australian police knew they had encountered an old enemy named Frederick Bailey Deeming.

Forger, swindler, burglar, confidence man was the man's record.

First sentenced for petty larceny in Sydney in 1884, Deeming, then 30, representing himself as a gas-fitter, had soon been jailed again for a bankruptcy fraud. He jumped bail and fled with his wife to Port Adelaide.

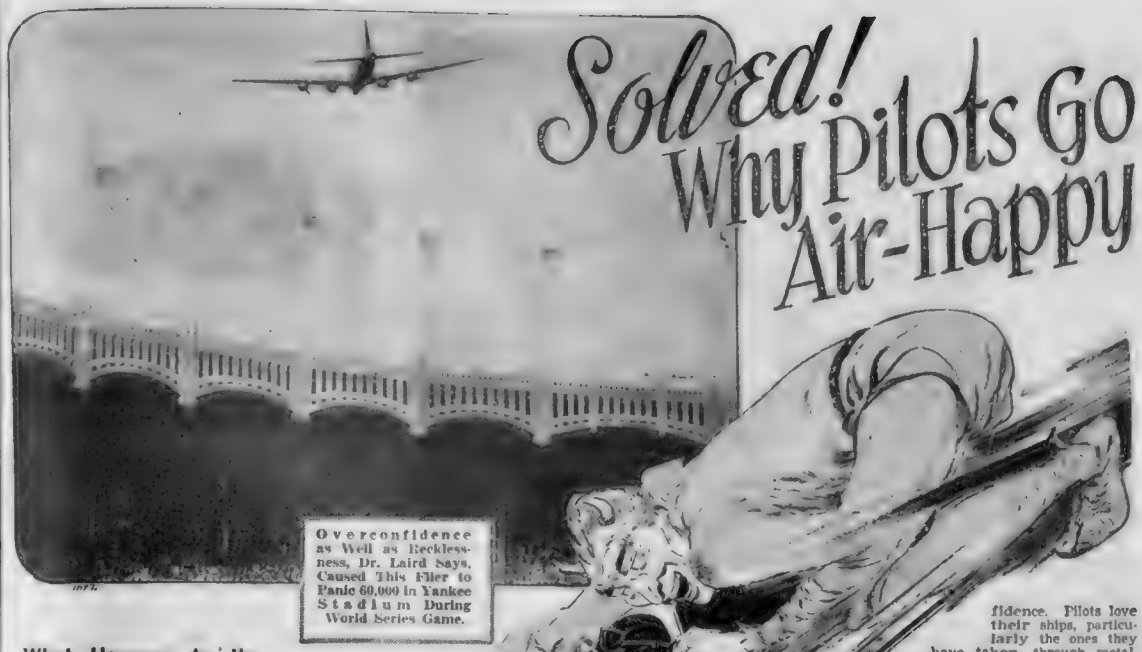
Back in England, after some more criminal adventures at St. Helena and in South Africa, he left his wife and children at Birkenhead with a brother and proceeded to a bigamous marriage at Hull and a jewel robbery at Whitefriargate. Pursued, he sailed for South America. Finally arrested at Montevideo, he was returned to England in irons, and at Hull, October 1, 1890, sentenced to prison—for just nine months. He emerged from jail as Major Frederick Williams, interested in quiet houses, in mixing his own cement—and murder.

At the trial in Melbourne, Deeming was featured as Australia's worst criminal. Doctors argued over his sanity, of which there was some doubt.

With six murders to his credit—no one could guess how many remained undetected—mad or sane, he was a beast to human society. And Australia sentenced him to hang.

Frederick Bailey Deeming, murderer of two wives and four children, was not allowed to mix his own quicklime.

# Solved! Why Pilots Go Air-Happy



Overconfidence as Well as Recklessness, Dr. Laird Says, Caused This Flier to Panic 60,000 in Yankee Stadium During World Series Game.

**What Happens to the Minds of Fliers Who Go on Stunt Sprees, Often With Results Fatal to Others, Is Explained by a Psychologist Who Blames, of All Things, "Boredom"**

"Boredom" Is the Name of the Imp That Planted in the Pilot's Mind the Suggestion of This Stunt That Decapitated a Motorist and Sent the Flier to Prison for Life.

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph. D., Sc.D.
Internationally Known Psychologist and Lecturer

SENTENCING of a young Army pilot to life imprisonment recently for swooping his plane down over a highway and cutting off the head of a motorist has again raised the psychological question of just why aviators occasionally indulge in such reckless and dangerous stunts.

In flying parlance, the state of mind that leads to such foolhardy performance is called being "air-happy."

Certainly Lieut. Howard E. Stittsworth didn't have homicide in his mind as he and his co-pilot chased the shadow of their little Army plane on a boring flight over Arizona flatlands.

But—ahead of them a car crawled along the highway.

Safety regulations called for a climb to 1,000 feet under such circumstances, and Lieut. Stittsworth had complied a hundred, maybe a thousand, times before. But not this time.

Down the plane swooped, down until it seemed about to hit the road behind the car, then up again, zooming to the sky.

Behind it, the car veered off the road, wobbled to a stop, its driver's body slumped against the seat. The young Army pilot had decapitated the driver with the wing up of his plane.

Why do fliers do this sort of thing? Certainly it isn't lack of intelligence. Service pilots are a carefully selected group. It isn't lack of judgment. Only those who demonstrate that they can make quick and accurate mental decisions are given their wings.

Three factors contribute most toward "air-happiness," and the chief one, strangely enough, is revolt against monotony.

From the ground, flying looks highly exciting, but actually, after a few flights, it is a monotonous grind.

In the steady high drone of the motors, the bored pilot plods through a dreary, featureless airscape.

Most of his attention is riveted on scores and more of dials and gauges. Repetitious signals drum into his ears from his radio headset. There is little action, practically no change, just the tedium of watching his instruments and keeping on his course.

Sometimes little things will help, like climbing to a higher altitude or deliberately going off course just for the temporary satisfaction of finding the way back. But if the boredom is sufficient and the impulse to break it is strong enough, almost any degree of recklessness can result.

Even the excitement of actual combat doesn't eliminate monotony entirely. Pilots in one overseas squadron had been warned against flying under a bridge near their airfield, but usually, on the return from a mission, one or two of them ducked under the span in the face of heavy penalties.

If fighter pilots feel that way occasionally, it should not be so hard to understand why three ferry pilots flew out of their course not so long ago to play tag around the Empire State Building in New York City.

Another thing that makes fliers air-happy is overconfidence. Pilots love their ships, particularly the ones they have taken through metal-wracking dog fights and nerve-wracking maneuvers. This devotion sometimes breeds overconfidence.

It was overconfidence as well as recklessness which caused the pilot of a flying fortress to roar down over Yankee Stadium in New York, startling the World Series crowd of 60,000 into a near-panic.

The confidence was justified, even if the stunt wasn't. A few months later, when half his motors had been shot away over Germany and all the rest of the crew had bailed out, the same pilot brought his ship back and set it down safely.

The unusual personality of most aviators also makes them susceptible to impish impulses. Psychological studies have revealed many common characteristics among fliers.

They day-dream but little, so their ennui can't be relieved by intriguing mental images. They are not much affected by praise or blame, so discipline may lose some of its sting.

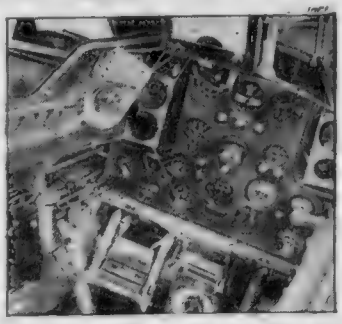
It was loneliness, perhaps, which caused a student pilot to head directly for a small boat on a lake. He pulled out of his dive, but a middle-aged woman in the boat was so frightened that she dropped her fishing pole and jumped, fully clothed, over the side.

Another low-flying pilot decapitated a field worker last year in the South.

A court-martial trying Lieut. Stittsworth couldn't take all these mental quirks into consideration. Hewing to the law, it found him guilty on all counts, including murder. He was sentenced to confinement for life at hard labor. His co-pilot was convicted of violating flying regulations.

The law takes no account of air-happiness.

Lifetime of Hard Labor Faces Lieutenant Howard E. Stittsworth for Giving Way to Reckless Impulse.



Just Staring at All Those Gauges and Controls Is Liable to Make Any Flier Wacky.

# "One-two-three woof—what in the world?" gasped Elsie

"QUIET!" yelled Elmer, the bull." I'm testing my voice. One-two-three, woof woof. One-two-thr—."

"Wait a minute," interrupted Elsie, the Borden Cow. "You're hardly the type for a swoon crooner. What on earth are—"

"I," boomed Elmer importantly, "am going to make a speech. Ah, I can hear me now: 'Fellow citizens, we of the food industry ask no credit for the remarkable job we are doing. We merely call your attention to the fact that our fighting men are the best-fed fighting men in the world. And—'"

"It's the truth, all right, but you sound a little boastful," objected Elsie. "And, while you're on the subject, don't forget to mention that the food industry is doing a wonderful job

keeping the home front well-fed, too. Take *Borden's Homogenized Milk*. It's my own personal milk improved by Borden scientists so there's cream all through it—not just on top. And Vitamin D is added."

"Don't make me pause for commercials," bellowed Elmer. "Get this next part: Quote: And when I say well-fed, I know what I'm talking about. My wife tells me that 25% of all our food goes to our Armed Forces and to our allies. And . . ."

"Unquote," chuckled Elsie. "I can guess what you're going to say next. You'll remind your audience that while our Armed Forces are enjoying good foods like ice cream in great plenty (and do stress the fact that *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbets* are nutritious dairy foods,

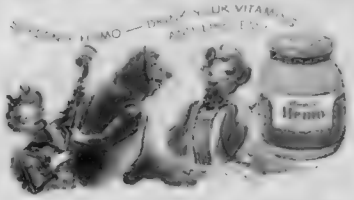
not just tasty treats) *that Americans at home are still the best-fed of all warring peoples.*"

"Hold on," roared Elmer, "this is my speech."

"I love every word of it," soothed Elsie. "It's a thrilling story and a real tribute to the food industry . . . how our farmers have grown *more* food with *less* help and very little new machinery . . . how food companies have performed shipping and production miracles . . . how grocers have done a great job with green clerks and fewer clerks. I'm so glad you're speaking for the whole food industry, not just Borden."

"Hmpf!" snorted Elmer, "It seems to me that you've managed to get Borden into every other line of my speech."

"Why, Elmer, how you talk," protested Elsie.




"I've hardly asked you to mention Borden. Of course, you *could* work in a word about *Borden's Hemo*—the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em."

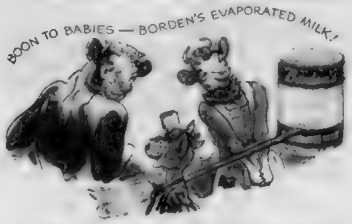
"You may call it a word, I call it a sales talk," mumbled Elmer. "Besides, it wouldn't fit into my speech."

"Nonsense," chuckled Elsie. "You can men-

tion it easily—just before you say that *Borden's Fine Cheeses* are marvelous 'buys' for one's points and pennies."

"I get it," groaned Elmer, "hardly mention Borden at all."

"That's the idea," enthused Elsie. "Of course,

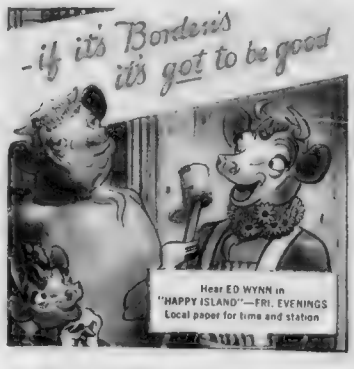



you might drop a hint that scads of doctors approve *Borden's Evaporated Milk* for feeding tiny babies on account of it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D."

"Never mind," sighed Elmer. "Here, you test *your* voice. If it's going to be your speech, you may as well speak it."

"Well, if you insist," beamed Elsie, "I'll be glad to. Now, let me practice the most important part, a statement of fact that everyone in the audience will agree with: One-two-three, woof woof—*If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!*"

© The Borden Company

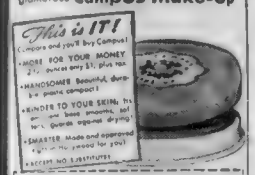


AT HOLLYWOOD'S FAMOUS BROWN DERBY
it's Campus Make-up

• And Now You Too, can get the "glamorously" complexion you've always wanted...with Campus Make-Up!

• It Veils Every Flaw, flatters every face, gently protects delicate skins!

• Be Lovelier Instantly..... with glamorous Campus Make-Up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Compare and you'll buy Campus!
•MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
•HANDSOMER Beautiful, durable plastic compact
•KINDER TO YOUR SKIN
•SMARTER Made and approved
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ICE CREAM
AS LOW AS
11¢ a pint

Sure to be pure—YOU make it! In 2 minutes, mix LONDONDERRY, sugar and evaporated milk, or any cream that will whip. Whip, freeze, that's all. No cooking, no re-whipping. Smooth, no ice crystals. (Use milk or skim milk for delicious frozen desserts.) 15¢ pkg. LONDONDERRY makes 4 pints, any flavor. Ask your grocer for LONDONDERRY. If he does not carry it, send us $1.00 for 7 packages and 20 famous recipes, postpaid.

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YOU WOMEN

Help Build Yourself Up With This A & D Vitamin-Tonic!

Why tolerate that tired feeling a moment longer? Do as *many doctors* recommend: if you have low resistance to minor ills, due to dietary deficiency of the Vital Elements, *natural* A and D Vitamins—you will find Scott's Emulsion a *valuable daily tonic!* This very day—help build your stamina and resistance! Buy economical, good-tasting Scott's Emulsion and see for yourself! At all druggists!

Save cooking fats—It's Ammunition

# Jumping Junk

VISITORS to Wyoming's Yellowstone Park could hardly believe their eyes the other day when one of the hot springs suddenly erupted like a volcano and tossed everything from [illegible] clocks to stewpots [illegible] into the air.

When [illegible] the scene looked [illegible] cent store after a fire. Every kind of gadget littered the place. Handkerchiefs, towels, [illegible] pennies, automobile [illegible] caps, cans, combs, toilet pipes, pens and [illegible] were only a few of the

**Suddenly the Calm Pool Put On a Strange Brand of "Fireworks."**

queer things that the geyser had explosively spewed forth.

Amazed park officials, who came running up in astonishment, were at a loss to explain the commotion because the hot spring that suddenly decided to go on a rampage was the ordinarily placid Morning Glory Pool, which had never before put on such an act.

While the cause was not known, park experts said it was a pretty safe guess that the aquatic fireworks probably were set off by some kind of an internal reaction to the large amount of junk that thoughtless visitors toss into the pool from time to time.

After the world's strangest waterspout had finished, the level in the pool dropped some 12 feet. Two days later, however, it had returned to normal.

No one was hurt in the excitement and park officials said there would be no need to rope off the area around the pool. With its throat now cleared of the chucked out material, another mad burst was held to be unlikely.

## Never Can Own A Dog

A JUDGE in the little English village of Brentford glared down from his bench the other day at a married couple that stood before him.

"I sentence you, Edward and Lucy Clark," the magistrate declared, "to two months in prison. And I decree that neither of you shall be allowed to own a dog as long as you live."

Then, turning to the couple's daughter, the judge continued, "And you, Doris Clark, I fine you $43, and rule that you, too, shall never be allowed to have a dog."

The Clark family drew their stiff prison sentences and fine for allowing a pet of theirs to starve to death. Another puppy was found by authorities in a weakened condition from a lack of food.

Everybody's whistling this happy little washday song!

Mrs. Florence Kelley of Rosedale, L. I., is a typical war mother. Her husband is an Army Technician in the South Pacific. She has a 4-year-old son. And she works for the Republic Aviation Co. as an assembler.

My wash is done while I'm out on my war job

*...thanks to Rinso's soapy-rich suds*

MORNING
I JUST MAKE A TUB OF SOAPY-RICH RINSO SUDS AND LET MY DIRTY DUDS SOAK IN THEM WHILE I'M AT WORK
NOON
RIGHT NOW MY CLOTHES ARE AT HOME BEING SOAKED SNOWY AND SWEET. WHEN I GET HOME, IT ONLY TAKES A FEW QUICK RUBS THEN I POP THEM ON THE LINE
NIGHT
JUST THINK! MY WHOLE WASH RINSO WHITE... AND I DIDN'T TOUCH A WASHBOARD. THE "NO-SCRUB" RINSO WAY IS A MIGHTY EASY WAY TO GET A SPARKLING WASH
Rinso
FOR TUB, WASHER, DISHPAN

Don't Miss AMOS 'n' ANDY for a half hour of hilarious fun FRIDAY NIGHTS over NBC

**How to Whisk Through Dishes**

RINSO'S soapy-rich suds make dishwashing quicker and easier, too. Just soak dishes, glassware, silver, pots and pans in Rinso's busy suds. Grease fairly melts off—dishes come out sparkling bright. Rinso's easy on hands, doesn't get them red or rough looking. Wonderfully economical, too—a little goes a long, l-o-n-g way.

AVOID SOAP WASTE

HARSH LAXATIVES?
-not for me!
I take HEALTHFUL
lemon and water

Juice of 1 lemon — in glass of water — first thing on arising

Assures normal regularity for most people!
And it's good for you!

**If you are troubled** with sluggishness, and want to avoid constipation *without* resorting to harsh laxatives, try this health drink yourself—lemon and water, *first thing on arising.*

**8 million now take lemons for health.** National surveys show that over eight million now take lemons for their regulatory effect or as a general healthaid. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, supply valuable amounts of $B_1$ and P, and alkalinize, aid digestion. Lemon and water has a refreshing tang, too—clears the mouth, wakes you up, starts you going.

**If your system** needs a regulator, try this morning health drink ten days. The juice of one lemon in a glass of water, *first thing on arising.* It's *good* for you!

**P. S.** Some prefer the juice of one lemon in a half glass of water with ⅓ to ½ teaspoon of baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.

California Sunkist

*Keep regular the Healthful way!*

LEMON and WATER
...first thing on arising

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

How to enjoy starched collar neatness and soft collar comfort

The answer is SPIFFY—the invisible collar stay with the self-adjusting springs. Smooths away wrinkles and collar curl—holds down the points—keeps a fellow looking neat, smart and trim the whole day long.

19 Million Sold to Servicemen!

It's a "Must" with the boys in khaki ... Every trim of solid brass 15c or four 25c and more at men's stores everywhere.

SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS
CREST SPECIALTY CO., 863 W Washington St., Chicago 6, Ill.


# Will Left Ever Be Right?

**Many an Argument Has Enlivened Anglo-American Relations Because Our Truck Drivers Forget That the British Always Drive Left.**

A TRUCK convoy set out one night recently from a British port to an American Army base. Over 100 vehicles made up the motorized Yank escort that roared over the English highway. The outfit had just been landed.

About two miles outside of the port town, the long line, with a great screeching of brakes, came to a quick stop. Dead ahead was another motorized column coming the other way. It, also, came to a sudden halt—and just in time, too. Both were on the same side of the road.

Out of the first American truck, leaped a tough Brooklyn sergeant and exrabbie. He started for the truck that faced his headon. Before he reached there, a husky English cockney stepped down from his cab.

"And where," began the American, his fists on his hips, "d'ja think yer goin'?"

"Blimey, Mate," the English soldier barked back. "Where do you think you are going? You're on the wrong side of the road!"

"Wrong side of the road!" roared the sergeant. "Why, I'll bust ya' right in..." Then he stopped. A silly grin came over his face. He stuck out his hand in apology.

"I'm sorry," he began. "I fergot that over here ya' Limeys drive on the left side of the road. Ya' see, we just landed..."

"It's all right, chum," said the cockney. "It's happening over here all the time."

And so it is. Ever since American Army trucks began to pour into England by the thousands, there has been a lot of confusion on British roads. Americans, long schooled in driving on the right-hand side of the road, find it difficult to suddenly switch over and use the left half of the highway.

Of late, British newspapers have been raising the question regarding the advisability of Britain's changing from left to right. And it has been agreed that it is impossible.

The switch could not be gradual but must be made overnight. It would require all traffic pillars to be changed, all steering wheels moved from right to left, a revamping of the entire British motor car industry and the changing of all bus entrances, not to mention the driving dangers of such a sudden move.

So it looks as if Americans will remain right-siders and Britons left-siders. But which is best?

On this point, the world is divided. The right side of the road is the rule in the United States, Canada, and most of Europe (though Sweden, Hungary, Austria, and Czechoslovakia use the left).

Countries, other than Britain, that use the left are Australia, China, India, Japan, New Zealand, South Africa, Malaya, the Dutch East Indies and the Argentine.

## Fathers Who Act Like Mothers

ONE of the world's oldest and strangest marriage customs—the "couvade"—is still practiced by the Jivaro Indians in Brazil's Amazonas jungles.

This provides that, at the time of childbirth, the husband takes to his bed and simulates the pains that his wife suffers. Following the birth, he keeps to his bed for 30 days. The mother, however, gets up within 24 to 36 hours.

The couvade the term is derived from the French verb "couver," meaning to hatch or brood—was quite common centuries ago in all parts of the world. Even some tribes of North American Indians went in for it.

The ritual disappeared with the advance of civilization, and the Jivaros are one of the few peoples who still consider it important.

**The Mothers Bear the Children But the Husbands Rest.**

The origin of the queer rite is lost in history. Experts on ancient customs believe that it probably was intended at first to mark the physical bond between father and child. Symbolism, like black magic, played a big part in primitive life.

Although the idea sounds like a sissy business, the Jivaros actually are among the fiercest of South American natives.


WANTED:
Your idea...
It may help
shorten
the war

Here's a "want ad"—urgent, too
Uncle Sam's addressed to you
He is on the lookout for
New ideas to win the war
If you have a new invention
Bring it *now* to his attention
Don't hold back or be too modest
Ideas which you may think oddest
May provide the spark to win
Sit right down and *send them in!*

—Big Ben

BIG BEN
Keeps America On Time
WESTCLOX

WESTCLOX TIME is devoted to war work, so Westclox spring wound and electric clocks, wrist and pocket watches are not available. But they'll be back again as soon as permissible. Westclox, La Salle-Peru, Illinois, Div. of General Time Instruments Corporation. "Write National Inventor's Council, Department of Commerce, Washington, D C., for information on how to submit ideas or inventions

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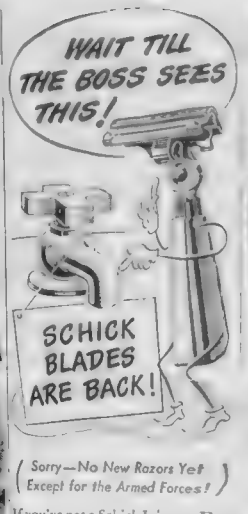


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While we still can't get the material for new razors, except for the Armed Forces, we're now able to supply civilian as well as military demands for Schick Injector Blades. And man—that's good news! You can take advantage of these Schick Injector features . . . the only basic safety razor improvements in the past 40 years.

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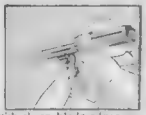

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. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.

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. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as per-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.

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Magazine Repeating Razor Co.
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Due to dry eczema, chafing, minor rectal discomfort, simple rashes caused by wear-time work . . . Try the gentle Resinol way to joyful relief. Feel it soothe itchy stinging, ease desire to scratch, and hasten lingering comfort.

Resinol Soap cleanses skin gently.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP


# Four-Eyed Luck

IT may be true, as Dorothy Parker once wrote, that "men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses" but [illegible] remains that [illegible] get the [illegible]

[illegible] of ex[illegible] to find out the effect of glasses on person[illegible] University dis[illegible] employ[illegible] who wear [illegible]

[illegible] conducted by Pro[illegible]

**Girls Who Wear Glasses Are Considered More Honest and Intelligent.**

[illegible] G. R. Thornton of [illegible]'s psychology depart[illegible], [illegible] that people with spectacles are looked on as more honest and more intelligent.

In conducting his experiment, the psychologist photographed a number of men and women—with and without these aids to eyesight. The pictures were then shown to other people with the request that they grade the subjects.

The results showed, Thornton concluded, that "a person when wearing glasses tends to be rated higher in intelligence, dependability, industriousness and honesty than is the same person when not wearing glasses."

It's the Purdue psychologist's advice that if you want to put on a bigger "IQ" front in interviewing prospective bosses keep your glasses on.

"Since photographs are still used in selecting employes," Thornton reported, "it is of practical importance to prospective employes to know what qualities in a photograph will result in favorable judgments."

## Bagpipeless Scotland

IF YOU wanted to get bagpipes, where would you look? Scotland, of course. But, you wouldn't be able to find any. There are none to be had.

And for all that you can take the word of Provost K. Dobie, civic chief of Dumfries, Scotland, who has been scouring his native land for weeks in quest of his country's traditional instrument.

Dobie started his hunt when the soldiers who make up the First Battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers were recently given permission to re-establish their pipe band.

After weeks of fruitless looking, Dobie said he was extending the hunt to England and the United States.

"How can our boys march into Berlin without their bagpipes?" he recently asked reporters. "My only hope now lies in England or even America, where there may be some bagpipe souvenirs which could be lent to me or I could buy."

*I counted the hours, dear*

"EXPECT ME THE FIFTEENTH," your wire said

Oh, darling, you'd been away so long!

So much to do to have things ready for you. I almost forgot about my hands. Until I suddenly saw them, grimy and rough. "Watery" jobs do take the natural softeners from the skin.

How I ran for my Jergens Lotion. Used my Jergens faithfully. And my hands well—you kissed my hands, darling, in the way I'll always love.

*"Keep your hands so soft for me, sweet,"* you said. And indeed, dear, I always will. I'll keep on using Jergens Lotion.

Lovely young wives of men in Service care for their hands with Jergens Lotion, nearly 3 to 1. Jergens gives practically professional care to the hands. Many doctors rely on 2 ingredients for helping roughened skin to longed-for smoothness: both are in Jergens Lotion. Such simple, easy care! Jergens leaves no sticky feeling. Be sure and use Jergens Lotion.

**JERGENS LOTION**

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Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

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5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!


# Know Your Skin Type

For Better Skin Care Determine Your Skin Type.

By URSULA TROW

A WOMAN should know her skin type in order to give her complexion the care which will keep it young and beautiful. She must learn whether her skin is oily or average. If you've never bothered to discover which type is yours, you can consult a skin expert in a good beauty salon, or talk with the special cosmetic demonstrators in your favorite department store. Or determine your skin type by applying a good astringent to your skin after cleansing. If the astringent leaves a tingling sensation, your skin is dry.

One of the famous American creators of beauty aids has developed a basic treatment for each of the three skin categories. But we are cautioned against a fallacy most women make these days: what we know as average skin, this specialist says, is in reality dry skin.

### Dry Skin Care

IF your skin is dry, morning and night, use a rich cleansing cream for taking off make-up and accumulated grime. Remove the cream thoroughly with a soft tissue. Always do this cleansing routine twice.

Next apply a complexion emulsion or milk with upward and outward strokes. Then with a piece of cotton, first wrung out in cold water, apply a soothing freshener lotion — but one that dries without drying.

For an extra dry sensitive skin, follow the above routine, but instead of complexion milk use a nutrient cream especially developed for very dry skins. Massage this cream in gently, leaving it on for ten minutes.

### Oily Skin

FOR an oily condition, cleanse the skin thoroughly, morning and night, either with cream or soap and water. Then soften the skin with a liquid emulsion. Afterwards apply an astringent with a piece of absorbent cotton wrung out in cold water. The astringent will help to tone the skin.

For average skin, use cleansing cream or soap and water for thorough night and morning cleansing. Follow this with a light emulsion or lotion.

The above are basic treatments for your skin and should, of course, be followed, in the morning, with your make-up.

There is nothing of the long-drawn-out ritual in this modern complexion guardianship which cosmetic science has made possible.


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TRIPLE YOUR MONEY BACK! IF YOU DON'T AGREE THAT NUACE IS BY FAR THE BEST MOUNTING CORNER, SEND NUACE PACKAGE AND SAMPLE YOU SELECT AS BETTER (INCLUDE NAME AND ADDRESS)

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one of the stars in the Paramount Picture
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FROM HOLLYWOOD COMES THIS SENSATIONAL NEW MAKE-UP FOR A LOVELIER YOU

For that luminous look of day-long petal-freshness all men adore — one drop of Overglo! No more! Spread quickly, evenly with your fingertips . . . with never a hint of streaking. Overglo in one single minute gives you the flawless-looking complexion of your dreams. His dreams! *Not a cake . . . not a cream . . . Overglo cannot cause dry stem!* Its emollient lanolin and oil base helps defy dust and weather, too. Conceals minor blemishes. Yet never gives a mask-like appearance. Never flakes on the skin nor cakes in the pores. One bottle lasts for months. Six skin-flattering shades. $1.50, plus tax. *At all good stores*

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EYES TIRED?

TWO DROPS

QUICK RELIEF

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle — and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.

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Yes, Mother, Dad, Sis and Brother will find many uses for Mexsana, the soothing, medicated powder. So keep it handy. Then sprinkle it on when you want quick relief from itching of minor skin rashes. And if there's a new baby in the family, you'll discover this 40 year favorite soothes baby's tormenting diaper rash, even helps prevent it. Mexsana contains ingredients often used by specialists to relieve such discomforts. Costs little. Give your family relief from many minor skin irritations. Buy Mexsana today.

No faster aspirin relief. Get St. Joseph Aspirin, world's largest seller at 10¢.

St. Joseph ASPIRIN

Ever-Ready Oil 10¢

# PICTO-QUIZ

## Breakfast Time for War Workers at the Boomtown Boarding House

BUY WAR BONDS
SEPT. 31 TUES.
WHEEEEE! IT'S SMO-O-O-TH - JUST LIKE CREAM OF WHEAT FLAVOR!
WE CALL OUR NEW FIGHTER PLANE "CREAM OF WHEAT" 'CAUSE IT'S GOT SO MUCH "GET-UP-AND-GO!"
YOU CAN'T BEAT CREAM OF WHEAT FOOD-ENERGY FOR A FAST START
I'VE BEEN ON SHORE DUTY FOR 3 YEARS.
LONG TIME NO SEA, HUH?
GIMME MY "IRON RATIONS!" I'VE GOT A SHIP TO BUILD!
HEAH YO' IS, SUH! DEE-LISHUS "ENRICHED 5 MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT - WIF ALL THE BLOOD-BUILDIN' IRON YO' NEEDS DAILY!
THAT NEW WELDER IS SO DUMB SHE THINKS A WING ASSEMBLY IS A FLOCK OF DUCKS!
OW! JUNIOR'S GOT A NEW TOOTH!
GOT THOSE RIVET-GUN JITTERS AGAIN, MABEL?
Y-Y-YES, B-BUT THAT VITAMIN B1 IN "ENRICHED 5 MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT WILL H-HELP C-C-CALM MY N-NERVES!
LET'S HAVE A JAM SESSION!
SHO NUFF! SMOOTH, DELICIOUS CREAM OF WHEAT WITH STRAWBERRY JAM. BOY, THAT COMBO REALLY SENDS ME!
NO WONDER! THINK OF ALL THE TOOTH-BUILDING CALCIUM AND PHOSPHORUS HE GETS IN "ENRICHED 5 MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT!
HOOT MON! WHA'S GUID AN' CHEAP FER BREAKFAST?
CREAM OF WHEAT! NO KITTEN! COSTS LESS THAN 1¢ PURR BOWL!
EAT A BETTER BREAKFAST feel better all day!

## 6 ERRORS IN THIS PICTURE

*Can you spot 'em?*

1. **CLOCKS.** One clock is 5 minutes faster than the other. Enough time to completely cook a breakfast of "Enriched 5 Minute" Cream of Wheat!

2. **HANDS.** Boy has 3 hands. If you wish *you* had more hands to speed breakfast in the morning, switch to "Enriched 5 Minute" Cream of Wheat. Cooks in a twinkling, ready in a jiffy!

3. **KNIFE AND FORK.** Babies don't need 'em to eat that smooth, fully digestible Cream of Wheat. It's Baby's Best First Solid Food!

4. **CALENDAR.** September has only 30 days—so an extra box of Cream of Wheat should see you through the rest of the month. 40 generous servings in each big package. Non-rationed, too!

5. **COW.** Cows aren't purple and green—except this one who's purple with rage and green with envy—because she heard that "Enriched 5 Minute" Cream of Wheat is more digestible than milk.

6. **SHOES.** Boys' shoes are different. Different, too, are 2 kinds of Cream of Wheat. "Enriched 5 Minute" (extra nourishing, quick cooking) and "Regular" (America's favorite for 48 years). Try both—soon!



# CREAM OF WHEAT

*The Great American Family Cereal*

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Fights Grease Dirt 3 WAYS!

FREES GRIT
Unlock that gritty surface film that clouds the brightness of your pots and pans! Sunbrite's fine-grained abrasive gently removes dirt from the surface ...leaves it gleaming, spotless.

CUTS GREASE
Sunbrite's efficient grease-cutting agent makes short work of oily grease-easily-safely ...without stinging your hands or wearing out precious aluminum.

ROUTS GERMS
Out they go, along with the grease and grit ...floated out by the fine emulsifying soap base in Sunbrite. Sunbrite purifies as it cleans!

Team up with Sunbrite in your War on Waste! It saves soap. And Sunbrite care means longer wear.
ASK FOR SUNBRITE, SWIFT'S SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER
Susie S. says: "Dirt erased helps War on Waste." Submitted by Barbara Hotchkiss, Hinsdale, Ill., on the back of a Sunbrite Label. She wants war stamps.

"O-O-O-O MY FEET!"

WHY SUFFER FOOT TROUBLES THAT DRAG YOU DOWN, TIRED, BURNING, TENDER, PERSPIRING, ITCHING FEET OR CALLOUSES AND CORNS GIVE YOU THAT E-X-H-A-U-S-T-E-D LOOK.
QUICK RELIEF!
GET PROMPT RELIEF WITH EFFICIENT, SOOTHING JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP. SOFTENS CORNS AND CALLOUSES ★ AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP
BORAX, TOILET AND BRAN

# HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

## To Make Meat Go Further

HERE are some of my favorite recipes for adding meat to the menu—a little meat which seems like a lot. And it seems like more because the recipes include stuffings, or vegetables, or other foods as extenders. Sometimes these dishes can be the whole meal with, of course, bread in some form, and butter (or fortified margarine) and a dessert and beverage.

Some of the meat recipes have no vegetables in combination, and you will want to add to the menu one or two vegetables to make a more satisfying dinner. Will you add a leafy-green one, such as cabbage, kale or Swiss chard? Or perhaps your grocer has a big delivery of fresh beets, turnips or parsnips or other root vegetable. Or you discover he has good yellow vegetables, the tender, new carrots, firm sweet potatoes, corn and squash. Or maybe the menu you are planning needs onions or cauliflower to round it out.

Then add a dessert of fruit, fresh or canned; or a custard or custard pie, or floating island with or without dried fruit in it, because custard desserts include eggs and milk and bring up the nutriment rating of the meal considerably. And how good they taste! It is the contrast of flavors which helps make such a meal so enjoyable.

### Stuffings

CERTAIN meats—shoulder of lamb, or veal boned has, flank steak, veal steak, pork chops, spareribs are just right for stuffing. Today a shoulder of lamb or veal is rarely sold because of the pricing difficulties. These cuts are trimmed, all the dangling pieces removed, leaving a neat square cushion of a roast, with a pocket where the bone has been removed. (When you ask to have a cut boned, remember you can use the bones for delicious soup, so carry them home with you and use them.)

### For Roast or Steak

HERE'S a simple stuffing which can be varied according to the seasoning on hand. It is rich and crumbly and adds flavor as well as weight and bulk to the meat servings; a stuffed roast serves one or two more than a plain one. This is dressing for a two pound steak or rolled roast.

2 cups bread crumbs
1 onion
¼ cup chopped celery and leaves
½ teaspoon sage, or thyme, or poultry seasoning
¼ cup fortified margarine

Toast the bread crumbs; mince the onion; combine all ingredients in the order given and toss lightly together. Pack into the meat

### Southern Stuffing

4 cups crumbled cornbread
1 onion, minced
¼ cup minced watercress
1 teaspoon salt; pepper
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning, thyme or sage
½ cup boiling water
¼ cup fortified margarine

Add the onion, watercress and seasonings to the crumbled cornbread and mix. Melt the margarine in the boiling water and pour over all. Mix with a fork.

Add, for variety in flavor, one cup thinly-sliced onions; or one-half pint oysters, whole or chopped; or one cup finely-minced mushrooms; or one cup chopped pecans, almonds or walnuts; or one-half cup raisins or tart apples. This makes three cups—enough for a large rolled or stuffed roast.

Shoulder Cushion Roast of Lamb Stuffed and Ready for the Oven. On the Board, Flank Steak With Pocket for Stuffing.

### Stuffed Lamb Roast

3 to 4 pounds cushion roast of lamb
Salt, pepper
2 cups prepared stuffing
¼ teaspoon ground allspice
¼ cup flour
4 tablespoons fortified margarine
½ cup water

Wipe the roast with a damp, clean cloth, inside and out. Stuff the pocket (from which the bone was removed) and skewer or tie it well. Mix the spice with the flour and dust over the surface of the meat. Place it in a roasting pan. Dot the top with butter or margarine. Do not add water. Do not cover and do not baste. Set in moderate oven (300 Deg. F.) and allow 30 to 35 minutes for each pound. Eight or more servings. Serve with pan gravy.

### Stuffed Flank Steak

Flank steak
Salt, pepper
2 cups prepared stuffing
2 tablespoons fortified margarine
1 cup canned tomatoes

Flank steak is a large steak; if too large for your family, your butcher will sell a half steak. Have him score the top to cut across the long, stringy tendons and then have him cut a pocket in the steak.

Salt and pepper outside and inside the pocket. Stuff it with the prepared stuffing. Skewer it in place. Flour the outside of the steak and dot it with butter or margarine. Lay it in a shallow baking pan, pour the tomatoes over all and bake it in a moderate oven (350 Deg. F.) about one and one-quarter hours, until the meat is very tender. A two-pound steak makes six to eight servings.

### Stew With Vegetables

2 pounds beef, veal or lamb for stewing
3 onions
2 cups canned tomatoes
2 cups boiling water
2 bay leaves
¼ teaspoon pepper
4 stalks celery
1 green pepper
3 carrots
4 potatoes
½ teaspoon salt
Lard for browning

Wipe the meat with a clean, damp cloth. Cut it into cubes. Roll them in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, then brown them in a little hot lard in a stew pot. Chop two of the onions and brown them in the same pan with the meat.

Mash the tomatoes and mix them and their juice with the boiling water, heat them and pour over the meat and onion. Add the bay leaves, cover the pot and simmer it one hour. Mince the other onion, cut the celery into small pieces, chop the green pepper and cut the carrots and potatoes into quarters. Add these to the meat pot. Continue to simmer this until all ingredients are done. This is about one hour. Six to eight servings.



Liver Loaf Is Delicious Hot, or Sliced Cold for the Lunchbox.

### Put a Lid On

MEAT pies are stew with a lid of pastry, biscuit dough, mashed white potatoes or mashed sweet potatoes. Line with baked pastry small or earthenware casseroles for individual service, or one large one for the family. Pour the cooked stew in, cover with unbaked pastry or mashed potato.

Set in a hot oven (450 Deg. F.) (for pastry cover) and bake till the crust is delicately browned. Use a moderate oven for mashed or sweet potato topping.

### Liver Loaf

1 pound beef or lamb liver
2 small onions
½ pound sausage meat
1 cup finely crushed corn flakes
1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon celery salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 eggs, well beaten
1 slice bacon

Cover the liver with one cup of boiling water and simmer it gently five minutes. Drain, reserving the broth. Put the liver and onions through the food chopper, using a medium cutter. Then mix with the sausage meat, corn flakes, seasonings and eggs. Add enough of the broth to moisten slightly. Mix well. Pack the mixture into a greased loaf pan. (Eight-by-four-by-three inches is the right size.) Place the bacon on top. Bake in a moderate oven (350 Deg. F.) 45 minutes, or until done. Serve hot or cold. Eight servings.

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VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.
Terminal Island, California

FAMOUS VAN CAMP SEA FOODS

**WHITE STAR TUNA**

**Chicken of the Sea TUNA**


# Creole Beef With Rice

A[illegible] use two recipes to [illegible] of meat ex[illegible] These ingredients

**Creole Beef with Rice**

½ to 1 pound ground beef
3 [illegible]
1 tablespoon dried green pepper
1 [illegible] dried onion
[illegible]
2 [illegible]
1 cup hot water
[illegible] powder
1 [illegible] salt
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
2 cups hot cooked rice

Brown the meat in two tablespoons of fat. [illegible] onion and cel[illegible] in remainder of fat [illegible] the flour. Stir [illegible] and add the [illegible] tomatoes and their [illegible] and stir to make a [illegible] Add the green pepper, seasonings, the browned meat and hot water. Cook slowly for [illegible] minutes. Serve over the hot rice. Four or five servings.

**Braised Ox Tail with Vegetables**

1 ox tail (2¼ pounds) cut in two-inch sections
Flour
1 cup diced onion
3 tablespoons drippings
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 cups hot water
2 large carrots
1 cup diced celery
1 green pepper
4 medium potatoes

Wipe the ox tail pieces with a damp, clean cloth. Roll them in flour. Then brown them with the onion in the drippings in a stew kettle. Add the seasonings, vinegar and water to the pan and cover it. Simmer it three hours. Add the sliced carrots, celery, chopped green pepper and the potatoes peeled and cut in halves. Cover the pan again and let it come to boiling. Lower the heat and let it simmer three-quarters of an hour longer.

Lift the vegetables out to a deep hot platter. Put the meat joints on top. Keep hot. Thicken the broth in the kettle if necessary by stirring in one tablespoon of flour. Pour it over the meat and vegetables. Four to six servings.

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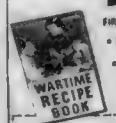


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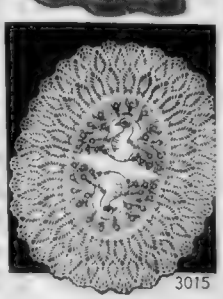



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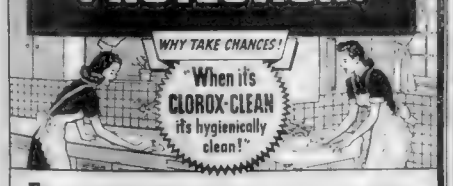


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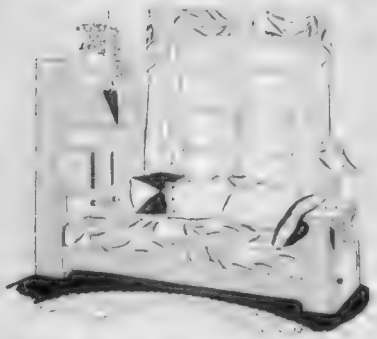


By JANE TEN BROEK

TOO OFTEN ambitious home decorators forget to plan the rooms. In their first enthusiasm they rush ahead with fabrics and paint, and then wonder why the results of their hard work are disappointing.

If you want a charming room, with the minimum of expense and labor, you must plan it carefully.

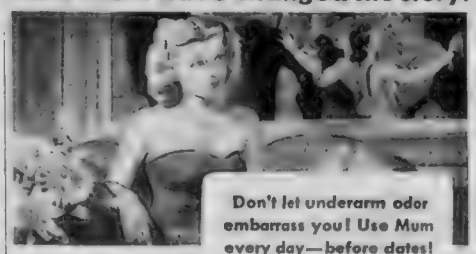
### Color Is Magic

COLOR has magical properties. It can make a space seem large or small, wide or narrow, light or dark. If you have a living room on the sunny side of the house, you may want to use a color scheme of blue and green to give it a restful, cool appearance. A room with north exposure can use warm orange, browns, reds and yellows. An average room should have a balancing amount of warm and cool colors in it.

The choice of figured or plain materials for slip covers and draperies depends on the furnishings in the room and on the walls and floor covering. You don't want a whole room squirming with pattern; but solid colors used throughout are bound to make it dull. A mixture of the two is usually good.

If you want free instructions for making the draperies and swag shown at the window, and for the floral-print couch cover send a stamped addressed envelope and ask for the modern drapery and couch cover leaflet, S 13-33. Also ask for general slip cover instructions if you want them. Address The Household Almanac, The American Weekly, 235 East 45th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.


## Sitting them out—alone! Mum could have changed the story!



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Too bad! A pretty face—*[illegible]* clothes—yet how quickly they can lose their power at the first trace of underarm odor! It's *wiser* never to take chances. Use *Mum* every day—after every bath! Your bath washes away *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Guard your charm—keep popularity with Mum!

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**LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., PUBLISHERS, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK**

# London's Mata Hari

*By KATHERINE DONOVAN*

LONDON'S most spectacular woman spy, a modern Mata Hari of the present war, has just been revealed as an eminent dress designer who created and dictated fashions for the wealthiest and most beautiful women in England, including the royal family.

The name of this extraordinary spy is Anna Wolkoff, Russian by birth and English by adoption. And because she betrayed both these countries to the enemy, she no longer designs fashions for royalty. She is serving 10 years in prison behind the thick stone walls of Old Bailey, London's historic stronghold, for violation of the British official secrets act.

Duchess of Gloucester, who didn't realize her dress designer was a modern Mata Hari.

Tyler Kent, American-born employe of London embassy, who worked with Anna Wolkoff as spy. He got 7 years.

Two more titled ladies, Duchess of Kent (above) and Duchess of Windsor (right), who thought woman spy was a stylist.

Anna Wolkoff, Russian by birth, English by adoption, traitor by choice, who fooled even royalty before being trapped as a Hitler spy. She is serving 10 years in jail.

But not so long ago—up to 1939, the outbreak of the European war—she was the much-sought modiste who designed the beautiful wardrobes of the Duchess of Kent, long considered one of the best-dressed women in Europe and in the world.

FOR the Dutchess of Gloucester, Anna created magnificent fabrics and fetching costumes. For the svelte and smart American lady who was Mrs. Simpson before she became the Duchess of Windsor, this talented artiste designed some of the most striking and lovely fashions, which were copied all over the world.

But up to 1939 and even later, this popular modiste, for whom her pleased and innocent clientele even named a special color—"Blue Anna"—was concentrating on a more sinister career.

She was collecting and relaying, direct to Hitler's Berlin, valuable military information

h betrayal of England and Russia and the United Nations, rtably including the United States.

Just what the motive of Anna Volkoff's treachery was is somewhat of a mystery. Unlike Mata Hari, the glamorous dancer who met death from a French firing squad at Vincennes after World War I, and to whom the career of a spy was somewhat of a romantic adventure, Anna Wolkoff appeared to be motivated solely for revenge.

She had expressed a deep and implacable hatred of Soviet Russia. She herself, daughter of a Czarist Russian admiral, had left her native country after the Bolshevik revolution and had come to London as a refugee - and a most persuasive refugee she turned out to be.

She had sworn, her friends recall, to undermine the Soviet Republic through whatever means in her power, even if it meant selling out to Hitler, and even if it meant betrayal of the country that had welcomed her into its innermost circles.

AND, unfortunately, she received ample aid from an American citizen, Tyler Kent, youthful employe of the American embassy in London, a Washington-born scion of a family long honored in the diplomatic service, and a Princeton graduate.

For his treachery to the United States and Great Britain Kent is now serving seven years in prison for the same crime as Anna—violation during wartime of the British official secrets act.

The treachery of Kent, while surprising at the time, was not

*Continued on Page 15*

PICTORIAL REVIEW
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
SEPTEMBER 22, 1940

# The Last of the MARRYING MDIVANIS Carries On!

By DAVID INGRAM

THE last of the marrying Mdivanis has done it again! David, sole survivor of the three brothers who came out of Georgia in the Russian Caucasus to flutter American hearts and marry American fortunes, has just wed Virginia Sinclair, daughter of Harry Sinclair, the oil magnate.

The marriage took place at Las Vegas, Nev., at the rather odd hour of one in the morning, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Frederick Lovett, pastor of the local Baptist Church.

Mr. Mdivani—David dropped the title of prince long ago—admitted he was now 44 and that he had been married before Miss Sinclair didn't mention her age but said her home was in Great Neck, L. I.

And so another score was chalked up for the marrying Mdivanis, whose various weddings and divorces used to keep the whole country in an almost constant state of dizziness. Some of them wed society girls; some of them preferred actresses. Two of them succeeded in marrying the same milhonairess—to the intense confusion of bewildered bystanders.

David, the only one still alive, was more conservative than Alexis and Serge. David has merely been married once before to Mae Murray, who is nearly forgotten now, but who used to be a notable siren of the silent films.

David was divorced—naturally. The Mdivanis nearly always were.

David's divorce occupied columns of print; the Mdivanis divorces always did.

The saga of the three brothers began in the glittering days of Czarist Russia before World War I and the Bolshevist revolution. There Serge and David and Alexis were born and when their father, General Zakhari Mdivani, fled from the Red revolution, two of the boys came to America.

Alexis stayed behind in Paris but Serge and David came here under the financial and personal patronage of Marshall Z. Crane, millionaire Massachusetts paper manufacturer, who had known their father in France.

Both were enrolled in school at Andover and both partially worked their way through, washing dishes and waiting on table. They stayed in school until 1921.

After a brief interlude in Europe, they were back in America again, working in the Oklahoma oil fields, where they both amassed small fortunes. And up to now they had no appearance at all in the newspapers.

In 1926, David did. He dropped in on a party that exotic Polish film star, Pola Negri, was giving, and there was blonde Mae Murray.

Mae, born Mary King in Portsmouth, Vt., already had been married before. She had been a Follies star and a musical comedy queen and now was a top favorite in the silent films.

David was quite taken with her. In fact, he had fallen in love. Three weeks later when he was driving by her studio, Mae walked out the door and stumbled and fell. David took her to a doctor and romance must have blossomed quite quickly because two days later they were married.

Rudolph Valentino was best man; Pola Negri was maid of honor.

And nobody, at that moment, dreamed that in about a year Pola was going to be the bride of David's brother.

Serge set sail for Europe that April on the liner Aquitania, and who should be on board but the fiery Pola. The Atlantic ocean exercised its celebrated romantic charms and when Serge and Pola landed in France, they were as good as engaged. Papa Mdivani, the ex-general, looked approvingly on the match, and Pola expressed herself to the press with great abandon.

"The Prince is the greatest love of my life," said she. "I am looking forward to the greatest happiness of my existence.

"My love for the Prince is greater than my love for Ru-

*Continued on Page 15*

Virginia Sinclair, newest bride of the Marrying Mdivanis, who once strolled Park ave. with a calf on the way to a New York benefit barn dance.

Pola Negri (left) and the late Serge Mdivani (above) were a notable couple in the career of "Marrying Mdivanis."

Barbara Hutton (left) and Alexis (above), another Mdivani marriage in which a Mdivani was wed to wealth.

Above is David Mdivani and Mae Murray, his ex-wife. David is now the spouse of Virginia Sinclair, New York oil heiress.

# Beautiful but Dumb? Smart

By GEORGE LEWIS

"LOOKIT that Jane Lafferty standing on her head! She must be crazy. They say she's studying ballet but that's a dumb way to learn how to dance."

That was way back in Altoona, Pa., some time ago and the intervening years have brought proof that Jane Lafferty not only wasn't dumb—she was smart.

For Jane Lafferty of Altoona became lovely Janet Blair of the films and has gone a long way since neighbors scoffed at her "dumb" antics.

If you ask Janet herself how she went from obscurity in Altoona to stardom in Hollywood she invariably will reply:

"By standing on my head."

Then if you raise a questioning eyebrow or otherwise express your curiosity, Janet, an obliging young lady, will tell you her story.

Early in life—way, way back in the kindergarten stage—the star of "Once Upon a Time," "Tonight and Every Night" and "Two Yanks in Trinidad" resolved to be a ballet dancer.

But, as is often the case, parental permission was lacking. Janet's father, a man of positive ideas, said no, and meant it. He'd raise a lawyer, a doctor, a good stenographer, but an actress—never!

Janet, a child of equally positive ideas, became her own instructor, with the result that every time papa came home he found his young daughter either standing on her head or risking lifelong incapacitation in splits, arabesques and plies.

Papa, who was also a practical man, soon realized that he would pay either hospital bills or dancing school fees. He prudently chose the latter.

Whereupon Janet donned slippers and became a pupil of the famous Ruth Barnes. And an apt pupil, too. She could bend and whirl and muscle-stretch with the best of the would-be Pavlovas. But nothing more than a curvaceous body and a pair of well-shaped ankles resulted. Janet was still in Altoona, where curvaceous bodies and pairs of well-shaped ankles are much too commonplace to pay dividends.

Then, for no apparent reason, Janet found she had a voice. Her scales were as high as her kicks, which were plenty high. They finally reached the ears of the minister of the neighborhood church. The minister quickly decided that his choir needed just such a voice and in no time at all Janet was in it.

That was the beginning of success. Somebody representing the National Broadcasting Company heard the young soprano and suggested a radio audition in New York. Janet was there the next day. She qualified in a big way.

Shortly thereafter the late Hal Kemp was spending a quiet evening at home and turned on the radio. He heard Janet and immediately resolved that hers was the talent his band needed.

A fortnight later Janet was a Kemp protege, and for the next two years she crooned and high-C'd from Boston to San Francisco. Nothing, it seemed, could destroy so hopeful a career.

But something could and did. In an automobile accident Hal Kemp lost his life. And the untimely end of the great maestro dissolved the band and Janet's prospects.

On her own, she accepted a week's engagement at the swank Beverly Wilshire Hotel. It was now or never. Kindly Fate in the person of Carroll Tornbroth of the NBC Artists' Bureau ordained that Janet should be in pictures. Tornbroth wangled a test for her at Columbia.

Definitely, the gal had something. The bosses backed up their hunch by teaming her with Joan Blondell and Bonnie Barnes

*Continued on Page 14*

Beautiful and NOT dumb, Janet Blair (in two Hollywood poses), who used her head as well as her charm to win stardom in pictures. In circle is Janet with her husband, Sgt. Louis Busch, U. S. Army Air Corps.

# JUSTICE and the Case of Dual Murder in Texas

*By PETER LEVINS*

IN the little town of Plainview, Tex., Dr. William R. Newton, 36, prominent Cameron, Tex., physician, is scheduled to go on trial for the second time in connection with the attempted murder, on May 21, 1942, of Dr. Roy Hunt, 37, owner of a Littlefield, Tex., hospital.

In the previous trial, in August, 1942, Dr. Newton was convicted and got seven years, but the Texas court of criminal appeals granted a reversal.

In the first trial, Dr. Hunt was the star witness for the prosecution. In the second trial, Dr. Hunt will not be on hand. He and his 26-year-old wife, Mae, were murdered in their beds on the night of Oct. 25-26, 1943.

Dr. Newton and Dr. Hunt had known each other for many years. They had been classmates at the University of Texas School of Medicine, and served their internships together at Houston. Both married girls who had been nurses in the Jefferson Davis Hospital at Houston; Dr. Hunt had known Mrs. Newton before she was married.

IN his story to the authorities, Dr. Hunt said that on the night of the attempted murder he drove out of town on what he believed to be an emergency case after receiving three telephone calls from a woman. At a lonely spot, he continued, he saw a large car in which sat a women he identified as Mrs. Newton.

"You sure are a hard man to get," he quoted her as saying.

Then she invited him into the back seat.

With that, he testified, a man appeared out of the darkness, exclaimed, "Don't you know that's a married woman?" and immediately fired two shots. One bullet struck him in the shoulder, the other in the abdomen.

He said that he managed to escape in a field, where he lay low while his assailant, whom he identified as Dr. Newton, tried to locate him with the aid of an automobile spotlight. Finally he crawled back to his own car and, though bleeding profusely and close to unconsciousness, he drove to his sanitarium. There his brother, Dr. Ewell Hunt of Lubbock, Tex., performed an operation which saved his life.

FOLLOWING his conviction Mrs. Newton had also been indicted but won delays due to ill health—the defendant obtained a new trial on the grounds of improper testimony. The higher court ruled that it had been wrong for friends of Dr. Hunt to testify that he had identified his telephone caller as Mrs. Newton.

Dr. and Mrs. Newton both had insisted incidentally, that they were 260 miles from the scene of the shooting at the time of the attack.

At 7:50 a. m., Oct. 26, 1943, Mrs. L. C. Grissom, a neighbor of the Hunts, saw the two Hunt daughters, Jo Ann, 5, and Jane 2, coming down the sidewalk to the Grissom home. They were both barefoot and dressed in their night clothes.

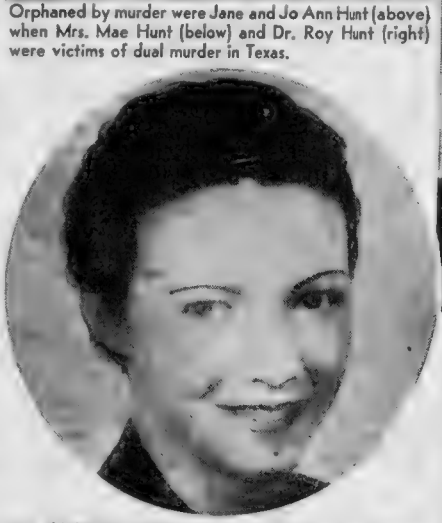
"My mommy and daddy are killed!" said Jo Ann. "A bad man killed them."

Sometime during the night, probably at about 2 a. m., Jo Ann had awakened and gone to the kitchen to get a drink of water. She called her mother, and received no answer. Then she went to her parents' bedroom.

SHE related that she saw a big man in the room. As soon as she entered, he grabbed her by the shoulders, pushed her into a nursery closet, "threw water on me that smelled like gasoline," and slammed the door on her. Soon she fell asleep, although she was lightly dressed and the night was cold.

Police officers, responding to Mrs. Grissom's call, found a scene of indescribable horror in the Hunt bedroom.

Orphaned by murder were Jane and Jo Ann Hunt (above) when Mrs. Mae Hunt (below) and Dr. Roy Hunt (right) were victims of dual murder in Texas.



Dr. Hunt and his wife lay in their bed in a welter of blood. He had been shot between the eyes; she had been beaten over the forehead. The bodies had been tied grotesquely with straps, metal clothes hangers, rope, binding twine, lamp cords and sheer under-garments.

Investigators saw that the Hunts must have struggled fiercely, for their flesh was burned by the tight bindings. Apparently the intruder had tried to knock them out with an anaesthetic, and, this failing, had resorted to gun and bludgeon. The officers agreed that a strong aroma, noticeable in the room, was either vinol ether or tetryl chloride.

THE fact that Jo Ann had mentioned "gasoline" strengthened the belief that some sort of anaesthetic was employed. The use of drugs, the officer said, indicated a person who had more than a passing knowledge of them, although their failure in this double slaughter hardly indicated an expert knowledge.

Needless to say, the people of the state were profoundly shocked. Within a day or so, rewards totaling $8500 were offered.

Dr. Newton, who had been at his home in Cameron, hundreds of miles to the south, on the night of the crime, told reporters that he, too, was shocked. "I am terribly sorry it happened," he said. "I have just been reading about it in the newspaper."

He said he had been working in Cameron night and day, and that the first he knew about the tragedy was early that morning, when one of his patients called him and told him that Dr. and Mrs. Hunt had been slain.

"My knowledge of Dr. Hunt and my testimony are all on the records of the trial," he added. "I feel that anything I might say now might prejudice my case."

He refused to discuss the matter further.

AT THE funeral services in Littlefield, more than 1700 persons paid their respects to the couple. The bodies were then taken to Lubbock for burial, and there an even larger crowd turned out.

Meanwhile, the police had seized a suspect.

He was James C. Thomas, 49-year-old bank robber then on parole and Lving with his family in Galveston. Thomas, father of three daughters and two sons, arrived in Lubbock under guard at about the time the two victims were being interred.

Well-dressed and apparently completely at ease, he smiled when a reporter asked him why he had been brought to Lubbock. "They tell me that a terrible crime has been committed and they are investigating it," he said. "I don't know anything about the Hunt murders, and I'm quite sure I'll be able to prove it."

Sheriff Sam Hutson told the newspapermen that Thomas had willingly made a statement detailing where he had been and what he had been doing for the past week or so, then laughingly had refused to sign it.

"He's a tough old convict," Hutson remarked, "and no boob when it comes to parrying questions."

THOMAS' criminal record went back many years. In 1917, when just entering his teens, he served a term for theft. During the prohibition era, he piled up a small fortune in the bootleg liquor racket, and remained out of jail. In 1931, he got 25 years for a bank robbery in Nebraska, and served 10 years.

In 1941, while free on bond in connection with a robbery, he fought a gun duel with police officers near Lubbock, and was himself shot in the leg. Subsequently, on March 1, 1943, he was taken to prison to start a five-year sentence, but was paroled on May 13 in order that he might receive surgical treatment in Galveston. He underwent an operation to correct a blood system complication that had developed from his bullet wound.

He told reporters that he had lost 52 pounds in five days after the operation, and was "weak and nervous."

Incidentally, Thomas was able to discuss his operation in technical terms, for he had worked in the Nebraska prison hospital while serving his sentence for robbery. He had admitted to his children, he said, that he had been "a bad boy," but wanted to finish his five-year term and then enter business with a relative.

However, the authorities soon reported that they had enough evidence. Thomas was indicted, and now has just been tried on one count, the murder of Dr. Hunt.

AT NO time during the trial did the State attempt to establish the motive for the crime. There was no evidence that Thomas had ever known either of the victims. Even so, there was evidence in the opinion of the State, that the right man was being tried.

Eddie Glass, a cafe owner at Littlefield at the time of the double slaying, and now a railroad fireman working out of Clovis, N. M., testified that the defendant was in Littlefield on Oct. 24 and 25, 1943.

G. A. Craig of Amarillo testified that Thomas borrowed his car on Monday, Oct. 25, to "go and see a produce man," and brought it back at about 9:30 the next morning. On the afternoon of the 26th, Craig continued, he drove Thomas in this same car to Clarenson, and Thomas himself drove the rest of the way from Amarillo to Childress. He said he saw nothing unusual in Thomas' behavior.

"I said to him, 'You haven't done anything in this car that will get me into trouble, have

*Continued on Page 14*

# HOLLYWOOD'S FIGHTS *are Catching*

*By ALFRED D. WHELTON*

UP UNTIL now, those Hollywood scraps were strictly "private fights"—they were definitely negative to that old query: "Is this a private fight or can anybody get in?"

But the latest, with due respect to measles, seems to have started a vogue whereby they may become "ketching." Curvaceous Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, one of moviedom's recently-wed couples, had to be the pair to start this new idea in "going-home" parties.

It appears that Susan and Jess, both of whom are screen personalities in their own right, were guests, witnesses and what not during the party at which Steve Crane and Turhan Bey squared off about Lana Turner, the gal who put the ah ('er) in sweater.

For a day or so, Steve and Turhan stole the show but then the eagle-eye reporters discovered there certainly was something new in Hollywood scraps when the recent marital combine of Barker-Hayward was rent asunder.

Wealthy Stephen Crane had been a bit of a firecracker in the life of Lana Turner, even through an annulment of their marriage and then definite divorce.

He turned out to be a cannon cracker when Turhan Bey, the young Turkish actor, appeared at a Hollywood house party as escort for Lana, the lady Stephen had loved and lost.

JUST how the Crane-Bey affair started, no one ever will know, for the first that guests noticed in the way of trouble was when the two rivals took a stroll out into the garden for a lively exchange of fancy swinging

Peacemakers stepped in (without getting hurt) and both belligerents walked away from the scene de combat just a bit scarred on both sides—

bruised eyes and a few face scratches.

It seemed more important at the time that lovely Lana was so mad about the whole thing that she tossed an expensive ring [illegible] out into the shrubbery.

Reports of the affair stated "the party broke up with Crane still searching the shrubbery for the ring."

But that wasn't the half of it, as they say.

INSIDE, the house another Hollywood drama was being enacted, probably unseen and unheard in the excitement of the main event.

Pretty Susan Hayward was having what might be considered considerable of a tiff with Jess Barker, her new husband.

It appears now that Jess was one of those fellows who takes the little woman by the arm when trouble brews and says:

"Come on, dear, let's go home."

Susan, it appears, wanted to hang on for the fun.

Like many another husband in lesser life who has ordered friend wife to get going when the hour is late, Jess did the usual. He stalked out of the party, settled in the family car and drove away into the dark-[illegible].

Whatever qualms he might have had after driving 50 yards or so (even as other husbands have) he cast them aside and toured to their apartment alone.

It wasn't long before the irate Susan walked in and the fun began.

No doubt there were words No doubt there were bitter words. But just what the upshot was we may never know.

We do know that it came to an end and that Susan stalked out en route to the home of friends. Jess roosted in the apartment a la "man's home is his castle" and all that sort of thing.

"It all started out as a joke, then turned into something serious," was his version.

"Susan and I got into an argument about going home. I got into the car and left alone," he added.

It wasn't long before Susan followed and the second round continued in the Barker-Hayward home—far from the madding crowd.

WHAT happened there must have been fast and furious, but details are lacking. The meeting ended, anyway, with Susan stalking out to the home of the friend and Jess remaining as "master of his house."

Susan, so far, has been uncommunicative.

At least she and Jess put a new twist on these Hollywood fist affairs.

They have given us proof that something can start out of nothing—or that Hollywood swing-fist fiestas can be catching—like measles.

Between Stephen Crane, her ex-hubby (left), and Turhan Bey, her new escort (right), stands Lana Turner, over whom the two fought at a Hollywood party. Bey is in movie costume.

Film beauty Susan Hayward and her new husband, Jess Barker (above), who started a new vogue in Hollywood "fist parties" at the recent Crane-Turner-Bey fiasco.

# GYPSY Wows 'Em—Even OFF STAGE

By ANTHONY MERRILL

BUSY little Bee is this Gypsy Rose Lee—the lady who wowed them in burlesque, went on to wow us in the literary field with a book and wowed along in pictures.

Now she comes up with her latest wow—a new baby about to be born, a divorce from the little tot's father and a new husband in the offing.

It's a rather crowded life the famous stripeuse is enjoying at the moment.

Gypsy Rose is in the process of becoming ex-wife to Alexander Kirkland, the actor, husband and director, as well as father of the impending blessed event.

Alex is in the process of getting himself married to another—a 20-year-old socialite actress named Phyllis Adams—to whom he had proposed before he married Gypsy.

The Kirkland-Adams combine failed to reach fruition because the parents of Phyllis objected, but that hurdle apparently has been flattened now.

It's been pretty well known that Alex and Phyllis had been seeing each other pretty much lately.

It's been told that Gypsy Rose had filed for divorce in spite of her approaching motherhood.

NOW comes the latest in her crowded life with the revelation that Don Loper, the Hollywood dance director, has been seen in all the better night spots with the famous stripper and the columnists are saying:

"Don't be surprised if Gypsy Rose Lee and Don Loper swap I do's when her divorce from Alexander Kirkland is final."

Gypsy's score then, at the present time, makes her (1) a prospective mother (2) a a prospective divorcee (3) wife of an "engaged" husband (4) wife who is "engaged."

With the discarding of Kirkland, Gypsy Rose will have brushed off No. 3 in her marital career.

Before Kirkland was Robert Mizzy, a wealthy New York manufacturer, to whom she was wed in a colorful ceremony in 1937 aboard a water taxi off Long Beach, Cal. Because they were puzzled over the legality of such a marriage they were again wed on land and honeymooned by lavish trailer to take up housekeeping near her new husband's business.

No. 1 husband was Emmet Callahan, a burlesque executive, who had handled her affairs in the honky-tonk career and were secretly married at Toledo, O., on Christmas Day in 1934.

Gypsy Rose Lee, about to strip herself of hubby No. 3, has reached a new chapter in her crowded life.

WITH a flare for the unusual, Gypsy chose the stroke of midnight for her marriage to Kirk two years ago. They were wed at "Old Dutch Mill," her literary-type summer home in Highland Mills, N.Y.

Those who did not know La-Lee and her flare for the unusual would have gasped at the presence of an animal act as guests at the affair—(complete with one of the canines yelping through the ceremony). They would have been amazed at the world's most famous strip tease artist being attended by a literary representative of a publishing house as bridesmaid and Carl Van Doren, the book pundit, as best man.

And in the assemblage was Georgia Sothern, another burleycue stripper, who wept emotional tears as her sister stripper took the vows.

But all that is gone now and along about next February when the stripeuse becomes Mama Gypsy Rose Lee she will probably have acquired the name of Loper.

It was back in June, 1942, only two months before Kirkland married Gypsy, that he popped the question to Phyllis Adams. But the Adams parents, who lived in the same apartment house with Kirkland, turned thumbs down on the proposition.

SO IT was, while Gypsy went on stripping and Alex went on directing pictures, Phyllis went on acting.

Phyllis happened to be acting in one of the pictures that Alex was directing, however, and the romance was revived.

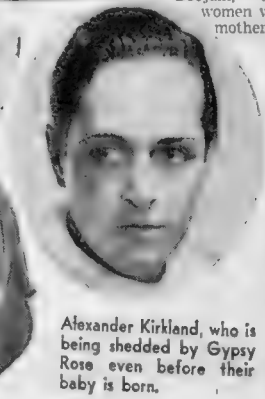
Oddly enough, it was a short-lived comic called "The Snark Was a Boojum," and was reeking with women who are about to become mothers.

In real life, however, it's the Gypsy Queen of burlesque who is knitting little things and Alex and Phyllis are awaiting the go sign that will come with the finality of Gypsy's divorce.

This, of course, is strictly their business and would not be noticed by the ordinary observer, not in position to know that Kirkland once had proposed to Phyllis and was turned down.

At least that's the situation as it stands now. Gypsy Rose Lee has come up with another WOW!

Dan Loper, new flame of Gypsy Rose Lee, helps her strip, but only her coat, as they arrive at Hollywood party.



Alexander Kirkland, who is being shedded by Gypsy Rose even before their baby is born.

# Social Whirl

BY THE Chaperon

ALONG COMES NEWS CONCERNING THE yearly lecture series . . . sponsored by the sustaining members of Boston's League of Catholic Women . . . with "A World to Reconstruct." the theme.

Indeed, so popular has this course become the committee found it necessary last season to have the lectures repeated for leaguers not able to attend the morning programs. The same situation prevails for 1944-45, under the general chairmanship of Mrs. Edward F. McHugh of Bridgewater for the morning group, with Miss Margaret L. Mahony in charge of the evening assemblies.

Rev. John J Wright, D. D. (spiritual director of the league) will present the first three lectures, opening on October's first Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the clubhouse, with "Compulsory Peace Time Military Service, a Moral Criticism," the subject. The talk will be repeated the following morning (Friday, Oct. 6, to be exact), and both programs will be preceded by a bit of coffee serving.

Mrs. John Taylor Bottomley, Mrs. Arthur F. Mullin and Miss Johanna Spring will pour at the evening gathering, at which Marion Boland, Helen Curtis, Edith Campbell, Isabel Connelly, Florence Davies and Mrs. Bernard Garrity will usher. Guests arriving for the morning lecture will sip coffee poured by Mrs. John H. Colbert, Mrs. Frederic W Sheehan and Mrs. G. Roland Vanasse. Mrs. Thomas J. Kelly and Mrs. John W. Walsh, in charge of the ushers, will be aided by Mrs. William J. Bannan, Mrs. Michael Carchia, Mrs. Arthur J. Conlon, Mrs. Charles Connors, Mrs. William C. Finn, Mrs. J. Ignatius Shea, Mrs. Robert C. Stanton and Mrs. James F. Tierney.

★ ★ ★

NOT A SINGLE empty seat at the Plymouth Tuesday evening for the opening of "The Perfect Marriage" (a new play by Samson Raphaelson) starring the glamorous blonde and blue-eyed Miriam Hopkins, and the tall, dark and handsome Victor Jory.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Donovan . . . up from the North Shore for the gala premiere . . . chatted with friends in the lobby during intermission . . . tip-tilted rose beige hat with Mrs. D's. smart brown and rose print . . . Bancroft Davis squired Mrs. Charles Wessell to the opening . . . a single red rose added a bright splash of color to the latter's square-necked black velvet dinner gown . . . jet trimmed black calot tapped Louise Condit's black crepe . . . fuchsia gloves with Mrs. William Arthur Reilly's silver fox jacket and black frock. Also glimpsed Rebekah Hobbs, Lavinia Sabine, Mrs. Edward Devenney, Christine Walsh and Mrs. William T. Reilley.

## Rita Keleher Bride-Elect

MR. AND MRS. DANIEL M. KELEHER, of Winthrop, announce the engagement of their daughter, Rita, to Lt. James E. Hoskinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Hoskinson, of Moscow, Kan.

Miss Keleher attended Emerson College, was graduated from the Lesley School, and is a popular Winthrop school teacher. Her fiance attended Ft. Hays Kansas State College, and is now stationed at Boston Army Base.

★ ★ ★

MR. AND MRS. HAROLD HUNTER of Beacon st. and their children, Harold, J., and Laura, are vacationing in the White Mountains.

THIS SMILING young sub-deb is Sarah Ann Hodgson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Reynolds Hodgson, formerly of Wilmington, Del., now residing in Beantown.

## Carey-Slater Wedding

AT A simple home ceremony Thursday afternoon at Careyhill, Wellesley, Patricia Bainton Slater of Saugerties, N. Y., formerly of Providence, became the bride of Sgt. Harry Hill Carey, U. S. Army. Rev. Philemon F. Sturges of St. Andrews Church, Wellesley, officiated.

The bride was given in marriage by her mother, Mrs. Holley Cantine also of Saugerties. Her only attendant was her sister, Carolyn, and John Beckwith, U. S. N., of Providence, the bridegroom's classmate and roommate at Dartmouth, 1944, was best man.

Mrs. Carey is a senior at Wheelock College. Sgt. Carey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Carey, formerly of Providence. After a brief wedding trip, Mrs. Carey will resume her studies and Sgt. Carey will attend Officer Candidate School at Ft. Benning, Ga.

## Virginia Fouhy To Wed

BEST WISHES to Virginia Fouhy . . . attractive president of the Junior Philomatheia Club . . . whose engagement to Ens. Fred Hardy Eberman, Jr., USNR, was recently announced by her mother, Mrs. William A. Fouhy of Belmont.

Ens. Eberman . . . son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Eberman of Rocky River, O. . . . attended Stanton Military Academy and is now on active duty in the Pacific area

## Fredalyn Gerber's Engagement

VIA A PARTY last evening in Aperion Plaza, Roxbury, Dr. and Mrs. S. L. Gerber, of Commonwealth ave., Brighton, announced the engagement of their daughter, Fredalyn, to Cpl. Ben L. Rosenthal, USAAF, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Rosenthal of Dorchester.

Cpl. Rosenthal is a graduate of Boston Trade School, has recently completed his training at gunnery school and is now on duty at Westover Field. His bride-elect was graduated from Brighton High School.

★ ★ ★

MR. AND MRS. JOHN H. SHERBURNE have returned to Boston from a holiday up in Murray Bay, where they were guests at Manoir Richelieu.

★ ★ ★

WEEK-ENDING over in New York are Helen and Nancy Thomas of Waban, who will visit in Washington before returning home.


NAN SAWYER

Shops Jordan's

"Button-In" Fur Lined Coat, $45.

It's a JORDAN EXCLUSIVE GOOD FOR ANY SEASON —and are they proud of it! Here are the points that make this coat NEWS!

The beautifully cut topcoat with detachable fur lining is handsomely tailored, with new-meaning detail, in Shetland-weave WOOL! What's more, it's completely rayon lined!

The extra "button in lining" is full length of heavy rayon satin, backed with genuine rabbits fur —it's designed and tailored to give you plenty of warmth without bulk—the sleeves have snug windbreaker cuffs! In American Beauty plum, green black, brown. Designed by "Country Tweeds." It's only at Jordan's in Boston. Sizes 10 to 20. If you know your right size you simply CAN'T GO WRONG ORDERING THIS COAT BY MAIL! Or see it in

JORDAN'S MISSES COAT DEPARTMENT SECOND FLOOR

$45 at the Jordan Marsh Company

# 'Donation Debut Tea' At Caledonian Market

By ALICE WILLIAMS

ONE OF EARLY AUTUMN'S MOST UNIQUE benefits is slated for Thursday, October 5, when our important socialites will gather at the Caledonian Market . . . maintained at 43 Newbury st. by the Uptown Branch of the British War Relief Society . . . for our fair city's very first "Donation Debut Tea," thought up by the BWRS to aid the Heritage Crafts Schools in Chailey, Sussex, England.

Due to destruction by robot bombings and previous air raids in England these schools are in urgent need of present and post-war support in their great work of rehabilitating some 400 war-blitzed babies and crippled children, most of whom have fathers in the British armed forces.

The idea of this afternoon tea party is original to say the least, in that a glamorous array of the season's debs will be on hand, but not to step into the social spotlight. No, indeed, that privilege goes to the gorgeous collection of articles donated by generous Bostonians, and Beantown's buds will assist in "presenting" them to prospective buyers.

Anything salable in the way of household furnishings, jewelry, bric-a-brac, etc., is needed to fill the Caledonian Market's depleted shelves. So why not delve into attics, closets and trunks (you'll be surprised at the outcome) and see that the spoils arrive at 43 Newbury st. in time to "come out" at the "donation debut tea."

* * *

ONE OF the very first to heed the appeal was Mrs. Charles A. King, who sent in a Chinese bowl, a Canton platter and an etching on ivory . . . Mrs. Edward Harding has contributed China plates . . . Mrs. Guy Warring, costume jewelry . . . Mrs. Melvin M. Johnson, Colonial bedspread and china cups and saucers . . . Miss Mabel Keller, English china tea cups, plus a set of Spode . . . Mrs. Stuart Rand, Venetian candlesticks and Italian chair . . . Mrs. C. A. Saltus, two Paisley shawls and a velvet handbag, topped in Dutch silver . . . Mrs. Prescott Cumner, two white lace and two black rosepoint lace mantillas and two Indian shawls . . . Mrs. Edwin Ginn, Italian gilt mirror and candlesticks . . . Mrs. Kenneth Gilmore, riding boots, and Mrs. Robert P. Adams, a radio.

* * *

BRIDE OF THE WEEK: Mary Colt Curtis ("Polly" to her pals) . . . Mr. and Mrs. Louis Curtis' attractive post deb . . . was society's important bride of the week. Tall, slender, blue-eyed Polly made a very pretty picture as she clutched her dad's arm and sashayed altarward in quaint little red-shingled Emmanuel Episcopal Church down in Manchester - by - the - Sea on Thursday, to be transformed into Mrs. Warren Woodville, by Rev. Phillips Endecott Osgood, rector of Boston's Emmanuel Church. The mid - afternoon ceremony was followed by a reception at "Waldyn," the Curtis' summer spot on Blossom Lane, Manchester.

Her wedding gown of shimmering ivory satin was fashioned with a long, sweeping train . . . the tulle veil fell in soft folds from her lovely blonde head . . . her bouquet was of white roses and stephanotis.

Catherine Curtis . . . her sister's honor maid . . . and Louisa (the youngest Curtis daughter) was junior bridesmaid. They were frocked alike in yellow marquisette, wore tiny coronets of talisman roses, and carried bouquets of the same flowers. Laura Curtis headed her sister's bridesmaid flock, including Mary B. Dickey and Mrs. David Yandell (Polly's cousins from New York), Mrs. Robert Brown (Polly Faulkner) of Cambrigde, Mrs. Richard Jackson (Martha Turner) of Chestnut Hill, Margaret Young of Brookline, Nancy Eliot of Chestnut Hill, Martha Weeks of Boston and Mrs Stuart Hunter of Rye, N. Y. They were gowned alike in white marquisette and their flowers were red and pink roses.

Polly's bridegroom, Com. Warren Woodville, Jr., USN, is the son of Warren Woodville of New Orleans, La., and the former Mrs. Woodville (now Mrs. Albert L. Watson of Scranton, Pa.). He attended Riverside Military Academy down in Georgia, and was graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1936.

The former Miss Curtis schooled at Winsor and was graduated from Westover School in 1941. She debbed with the 1940-41 bud flock and belongs to the Junior League and Vincent Club.

* * *

AN OUT-OF-TOWN bridal with a definite Bosto interest took place on Thursday down in New Haven, where Rev. Sidney Lovett . . . chaplain of Yale University . . . officiated at the marriage of his daughter, Eugenia, and Lt. Eric Fowler West, U. S. Army, son of the George Saltonstall Wests of Chestnut Hill and "True Farm," Holderness, N. H. The afternoon ceremony in Dwight Memorial Chapel was followed by a small, informal reception at the home of the bride's parents.

Mary West was her new sister-in-law's only attendant, and Richard Saltonstall West, USNR, was best man for his brother, whose ushers were Arthur Howe, Jr., of Lakeville, Ct., and Dr. Peter Talbot of Cooperstown, N. Y.

The bride was graduated from Chamham Hall, Chatham, Va., and attended Sarah Lawrence College. Lt. West is a graduate of Groton School and attended Harvard.

* * *

MRS. ROBERT HOMANS is back at her Brimmer st. home following a bit of guesting with Mrs. George Baty Blake of "Pine Needles," Lenox.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. MALCOLM BRADLEY FRENCH have returned to their Brookline home from their Cohasset summer place.

## Engaged

An October wedding is being planned by Barbara Carroll, whose engagement to 1st Lt. Al Major, AUS, of Jackson, Miss., is announced by her mother, Mrs. Francis M. Carroll of The Riverway, Boston.

The bride-elect . . . daughter of the late Francis M. Carroll . . . was graduated from Wheelock College and attended Copley Institute. Lt. Major . . . son of Col. A. H. Major of St. Louis, Mo. . . . was graduated from Georgia School of Technology and belongs to the University Club and Jackson Country Club. He is now stationed at Boston's Port of Embarkation.

RITA M. KELEHER'S engagement to Lt. James E. Hoskinson, U. S. Army, is announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel M. Keleher of Winthrop.

MRS. T. DESMOND BUTLER (Dorothy West) and her small son, George, are visiting at "True Farm," Holderness, N. H., summer spot of the George Saltonstall Wests of Chestnut Hill.

## Junior League

MEMBERS of the Junior League Garden Club will assemble at Zero Marlboro st. at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon to hear Constance Learned speak on "Collecting and Treating Material for Dried Floral Arrangements."

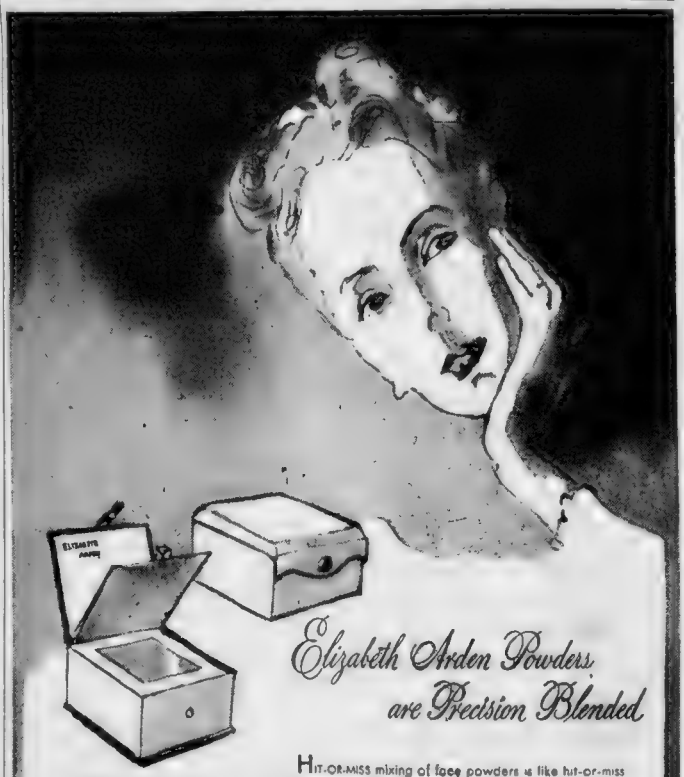
Mrs. Lyon Weyburn . . . former president of Boston's Junior League . . . heads the Garden Club and her officers for the coming year are Mrs. Edward W. Grew, Jr., vice-president; Betty Mixter, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Kimball Powning, member-at-large and chairman of the club's horticultural therapy work at Cushing General Hospital in Framingham; Mrs. Joseph Lund, conservation chairman; Mrs. Gerald Hoeffel, membership chairman; Mrs. Thomas E. James, Jr., editor of "Garden Hints" in the Junior League Bulletin.

* * *

SPENDING A brief holiday up in Canada are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Winters of Cambridge.

A CHARMING addition to the bride-elect set is Virginia Fouhy, whose engagement to Ens. Fred Hardy Eberman, Jr., USNR, was recently announced by her mother, Mrs. William A. Fouhy of Belmont.

MR. AND MRS. ALLEN REYNOLDS of Newton are spending the autumn season in the Berkshires.



Elizabeth Arden Powders are Precision Blended
HIT-OR-MISS mixing of face powders is like hit-or-miss blending of anything else . . . a failure nine-tenths of the time. Don't trust YOUR good looks to any such guesswork when you can have the color blended scientifically by Elizabeth Arden herself. Their subtly modulated shades are accomplished by exact formulas, guarded by instruments of hair-breadth delicacy, blended with the utmost skill, in a laboratory of the most modern equipment. They are sifted and mixed again and again, at speeds comparable to high-powered airplanes. They are seduced to incredible delicacy of texture by being forced at tremendous pressure through silken mesh fine as butterfly wings. There is no guesswork about Elizabeth Arden Powders. There are many glorious shades to complement the skin . . . among them the one YOUR skin needs for beauty. Used alone, or with the famed Two Powder Technique, these inimitable powders will open up to you a whole world of loveliness.
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# CLUB CLIPPINGS

## by Madame Chairman

ONE OF THE SEASON'S FIRST SOCIALS WILL BE held by the Waltham Woman's Club on Friday afternoon, at the Hovey Memorial Institute, when a dessert bridge party for the scholarship fund will be sponsored by the ways and means committee, with Mrs. Philip L. Warren, second vice president, chairman of the social.

Mrs. Chester A. Merrifield, president, expects that 75 tables will be filled. Assisting with preparations are Mrs. George E. Thompson, chairman of reservations . . . Mrs. Harold B Janes, in charge of table prizes . . . and Mrs. Warren, door prizes.

★ ★ ★

AT ONE OF BOSTON'S most atmospheric spots . . . T Wharf . . . Mrs. John H. Kimball, press chairman of the Boston City Federation, entertained the members of her committee at a buffet luncheon on Wednesday.

Among those having a delightful time were Mrs. Dorothy Kraus, president; Mrs. Perley Barton, Mrs. Leroy Best, Mrs. James W. McLoon, Mrs. Olivar M. Johnson, Mrs. Thomas J. Flynn, Mrs. Frank Leveroni and Laura J. Cook.

Chief topic of discussion was the Presidents' Tea, to be attended by the 75 affiliated presidents of the club on Friday afternoon at 3 p. m. in the State Room of the Copley Plaza.

Presiding will be the club's charming president, Mrs. Kraus, who will have in the receiving line Mrs. Joseph E. Scanlan, Mrs. Howard T. Spaulding and Mrs. Malcolm Green, vice-presidents.

Mrs. James J. Hepburn of Norwood is serving as chairman. Among the guests of honor will be Mrs. Edwin S. Troland, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Walter D. Jewett, 6th district director; Mrs. Charles A. Ross, president of Quincy Federation and Adelaide Ball, Newton Federation head.

Other distinguished guests will include several consuls serving in Boston: Gerald A. Tyrell, British consul, and Mrs. Tyrrell . . . Antonio Bruzon, of Cuba . . . Dr. Albert Narez, Belgium . . . Bjarne Ursin, Norway . . . A. Antonopoulos, Greece, and K. S. Wang, China.

★ ★ ★

WITH THE ARRIVAL of the fall, the Middleton Women's Club is preparing for its first meeting of the season, to be held on Wednesday afternoon at the clubhouse, with Mrs. Albert C. Murray, chairman.

Serving as hostesses will be Mrs. George Colbert, Mrs. Laura Webb and Mrs. Edward Hoffman.

Mrs. Ethel H. Stewart is president for the coming term.

MRS. BENJAMIN F. KRAUS


Fashionable Permanents

Expert Hair Tinting

Feather Cut Wave $5
Special Curly Wave For Fine Hair $6
Creme Wave For Soft Curls $8

Luxurious Shampoo $1.00 and Styled Finger Wave Complete

FASHION BEAUTY SALON
128 TREMONT ST.
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Hours 9:30 to 6:30
Walk-In Service

Be Beautiful
AS THE STARS!

Olivia De Havilland now playing in "Government Girl" at the Normandie Theatre

NASAL CORRECTIONS
Humped, long, crooked, fractured and all other nasal disturbances corrected permanently in about 30 minutes through the inside of the nose without scars. No paraffin or wax used.

NEW ROTATION FACE LIFT—Many years can be erased from your appearance in less than an hour by Dr. Bernstein's new method.

EYE REJUVENATION—Crow's feet, superfluous wrinkles around the eyes removed quickly through a non-surgical method.

Thick, protruding and unshapely lips corrected permanently.

Men as well as women are treated by Dr. Bernstein, who is the beautifier of Mrs. Tom Mix, Hoy Yoko, Dobe Hyatt.

OUTSTANDING EARS corrected through a new technique to match your other features.

MASDIQUE—A liquid treatment for removal of a blemished poor complexion.

ACNE TREATMENT—New treatment with fine results.

LADY ASSISTANT IN ATTENDANCE

Dr. Harry B. Bernstein
100 Boylston Street, Boston
Hours 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Daily and by Appointment



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A perfect DREAM of a robe in soft, washable

Chenille

Clear aqua, deep wine, powder blue, dusty rose and pure white—divine colors to flatter your pretty face. 12 to 20.

$5.44

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33 Summer St., Boston 7, Mass.
Send me "Chenille Dream" at $5.44.
Size____ Color____ 2nd Choice____
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HAN. 9600 or ELI. 3100

# Auxiliary Meeting

BEACON AUXILIARY NO. 411, B'nai B'rith, will meet tomorrow evening at the Kehillath Israel Schoolhouse, 384 Harvard st., Brookline, under the direction of Sylvia Friedman, program chairman. "What Boston Is Reading" will be discussed by Pauline Winnick.

A mah jong and bridge party will be held on Thursday evening, Oct. 19, with Mrs. Joshua Seidman and Rose Cohen serving as co-chairmen.

Florence Levine, chairman of the War Service committee, announces that a complete set of tonsorial equipment has been sent to U. S. S. Cababa.

## Mildred Button Is Betrothed

MR. AND MRS. CLEON E. BUTTON of Cambridge, announce the engagement of their daughter, Mildred to PFC Paul Eugene Whittier of Winthrop.

LORETTA SEGEL, daughter of Mrs. Fannie Segel and the late Abraham Segel of Brookline, who is betrothed to Lester S. Snairson, son of Mrs. Sarah Snairson and the late George Snairson of Brookline.
Hallaway Mabbett Photo

## Mayo Shattuck Guest Speaker

THE JUNIOR UNIT of the Business and Professional Women's Club will present Mayo A. Shattuck, who will talk on "International Issues, Peace and Politics," on Tuesday evening at the Women's Republican Club, 46 Beacon st., Boston.

The meeting is open to all young women interested in participating in Republican activities.


## Mollie Rapport

**Electric Needle Specialist**

Introduced the Short Wave Method to Boston from Hollywood. This method kills the root of the hair in 1-20 of a second. It saves time and money to consult MOLLIE RAPPORT. She has had over 22 years of experience in removing superfluous hair safely and permanently, sterilizing the hair cell to prevent further growth. She uses both single and multiple needles and is also a teacher of electrolysis. Physicians' references. Consultation free. Miss MOLLIE RAPPORT, 125 Tremont St. Room 402. HAN. 7288. Adv.


# WOMEN in the SERVICE

by Edna M. Conlon

Sgt. Phyllis E. Merrill, daughter of H. F. Merrill, of Husmer st., Hudson, is serving with the WAC at an Army Airways Communication System, somewhere in England. Born in Shanghai, she went to school in Surrey, England. Prior to entering service, she was a secretary in the Graduate School at Harvard University.

* * *

SPAR Lois Coles of Watson st., Brockton, has completed her specialized yeoman training at the U. S. Coast Guard Training Station in Palm Beach, Fla. She has been assigned as P. O. 3/c at the USCG headquarters in Washington, D. C.

* * *

Lt. Norma K. Mann, daughter of Mr. Horace B. Kendall of Newton Center, and Mrs. Doris Kendall of Brighton, has received her captain's bars at the Fourth Air Force Headquarters, San Francisco. Formerly she was secretary to the Greater Boston United War Fund.

* * *

Pvt. Hazel L. Very of Buswell st., Boston, has been promoted to T5. She is serving with the WAC somewhere in Australia.

* * *

On active duty as a yeoman striker in New Orleans is SPAR Eunice Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Lansing S. Heberd of Prince st., Needham. She recently completed her training in the Yeoman School at the USCG Training Station in Palm Beach, Fla., where she was advanced to S 1c. Her husband, Ens. Robert E. Gordon, is serving with the Navy overseas.

* * *

A reunion with her two brothers overseas was the good fortune of Lt. Louise A. Goodale of the U. S. Army Nurse Corps, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond W. Goodale of Boyd st., Newton. She met her brother, Calvin, at Casablanca, and recently ran into her other brother, Sgt. William, in Rome.

* * *

WAVE Ruth Wilson, daughter of CPO Frank Wilson and Mrs. Wilson of Massachusetts ave., Cambridge, is undergoing her boot training. Her brother, James, is a lieutenant in the Navy also.

MRS. PHILIP L. WARREN . . . second vice-president of the Waltham Woman's Club . . . will serve as chairman of the scholarship bridge to be held on Friday afternoon at the Hovey Memorial Institute, Waltham.

## Proparvulis to Present Lecture

"A WOMAN IN A WAR" will be the subject of a lecture by Mrs. Margaret Strickland Hurley, to be given at the first meeting of the Proparvulis Club this afternoon at the League House, 1 Arlington st.

Plans for the coming year will be discussed by the president, Mary Pendergast of Brighton, and Rev. James H. Doyle, spiritual director.

## Prague Guild Opens Season

THE FALL SEASON of the Prague Guild of the Church of the Infant Jesus, Brookline, will open with a social on Friday at 8 p. m. in the auditorium of the Hammond st. fire station.

Mrs. James Carolan, president, will welcome new members. Following bridge and whist, refreshments will be served.

## Somerville Group Sponsors Party

A WHIST AND BRIDGE party will be conducted by the Somerville Woman's Catholic Club tomorrow evening in the K. of C. under the direction of the board of officers.

## Miss Sherman to Preside at Club

THE MEDWAY WOMAN'S CLUB will open its fall program on Tuesday evening Oct. 3, with Rita Sherman, president, presiding.

## Reunion Bridge

A GALA REUNION bridge will be sponsored by the Milton Woman's Club tomorrow at 1 p. m. at the club house. Tickets may be secured from any member of the board.

# Beauty

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

DID he stare at you? Did he find your skin so petal-fresh, so lovely? And, did you read in his eyes those same enchanted words when he was home on that long-awaited leave? His eyes that seemed never to stop caressing the sweet, adorable freshness of your skin.

No wonder your heart whispers a fervent "thank you" to the men of science for revealing that quicker respiration seems to be so much a part of a younger, fresher skin; for discovering a skin respiratory factor which influences the activity and vitality of the cells and for incorporating this major scientific find in an amazing night cream and equally astounding day lotion.

But, is your skin soft and fresh and heart-stirringly lovely? Or is it just a lifeless, dull, sallow felt covering your features and do you treat it as such?

Complexions need special diets, and these two new scientific cosmetics can be classified as added diet for undernourished skins. If skin respiration is retarded and lowered as we get older, its life, glow and elasticity are gone. Age lines form in young skins that are neglected and improperly cared for. Years alone don't make a person look old. We know plenty of women whose ages would astound the listener.

Obviously as we grow older, the skin needs some means of stepped up oxygen intake, that is if we want to look young. Such is the purpose of this night cream and day lotion, which while giving your complexion the kindest cosmetic care, will help maintain the skin's normal respiration.

For their names, phone the Beauty Dept., LIBerty 4000, or write me, care of the Sunday Advertiser, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Faille Suits Recommended In Sizes 36 to 42 And 14½ to 22½

Lady Luck includes failles. To find two styles as wonderful as these in high quality black rayon faille is luck indeed. Both are superbly cut in women's regular and intermediate sizes.....44.00

One has notched lapels and collar, the other has the new irregular neckline so talked about. Both six gored skirts.

WOMEN'S DRESSES—SECOND FLOOR

Jordan Marsh Company Boston



VARICOSE VEINS
Need Not Keep You From Having

BEAUTIFUL LEGS

Contourite, our invisible wrinkleproof elastic stocking is in stock again!

NEW FRESH STOCK, BUY NOW

"Contourite", a 2-way stretch elastic stocking that gives perfect support. See the skin thru them. Priced from $3.75 each.

Send for booklet A. Mail orders send size stocking size.

The Allen Peyson Company, sponsoring "Contourite", the Ultimate in elastic stockings. 110 Tremont St., Boston (3d Floor). LIB. 6649.


## Pattern

Pattern 9279 comes in girls' sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10, jumper, requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch nap fabric; blouse requires 1¼ yards, 35-inch. Send 20 cents in coins for these patterns to the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Pattern Dept., 243 West 17th st., New York 11, N. Y. Print plainly size, name, address, style number.

*Louella O. Parsons*

# in Hollywood

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS
Motion Picture Editor International News Service

WHY is young Van Johnson the idol of the Bobby Sox brigade and at this moment crowding Frank Sinatra and Alan Ladd for top honors? Van isn't handsome, he hasn't a striking physique, and he hasn't Frankie's ability to sing. Moreover, there are many other young men who are as capable of putting over emotional scenes. Yet Van is the hero of the Bobby Sox brigade, and is receiving more mail than any actor or actress on the M-G-M lot.

The reason for this Johnson popularity, I decided, should be answered by a Bobby Sox girl.

Louella Parsons

I came to that conclusion after I was asked to pose with Van by a magazine editor because the young people of the country are so crazy about him. Not only did the magazine poll go in favor of Johnson, but my mail has also shown a decided Johnson trend, and after many years of writing about motion pictures I know these letters are a barometer in gauging an actor's popularity.

I chose Janice Weisiger, who attends University High in Los Angeles and is a senior B. She's the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Weisiger. Her father is employed at Douglas and her mother is a housewife. This, Janice told me as she curled in a big chair in my office. Looking at this pretty 16-year-old child with the light brown curling hair and the becoming sweater and skirt I couldn't believe she was one of the Bobby Sox brigade who climbed on my car at the M-G-M studio and begged me to ask Van to come out the front way and not sneak out the back way, so they could just look at him.

WHY do you like Van Johnson?" I asked Janice.

"Oh, he's cute," she answered.

"Good heavens, Lon McAllister, Donald O'Connor, Tom Drake and a dozen other actors are also cute," I said. "There must be some other reason for this Johnson craze."

"Well, Miss Parsons," said Janice, "we like Van's looks. The girls in my class don't care for handsome men. We like personality. Van has so much personality, and he's the type we would like to have for our dates. He has charm, that's it," she said, "and magnetism."

"Of course," went on Janice, "speaking for myself, I consider Charles Boyer and Clark Gable my favorites, too, but the girls in my class are not partial to these lovers of the screen."

How times have changed since I was teen age! My heroes were the handsome actors on the stage and the concert singers who came to Dixon, Ill.

But I tell you, these Bobby Sox are in a class by themselves.

"I first saw Van Johnson about a year ago, and put him down as my favorite," said Janice. "The girls in my class are crazy about him, too, and we go to see every picture he is in, and many write him fan letters."

"Tell me, Janice, are you a squealer?" I asked.

She looked a little puzzled.

"I mean," I explained, "do you yell when Van or Frank Sinatra are on a radio show as some girls I know did when Van appeared with Gracie Allen and George Burns?"

"Well," she said, "maybe I sigh a little and say, 'Ah,' but I don't squeal—that is, not very loud."

*Other Drama News*
*Pages 12 and 13*

*MARGARET SPENCER is one of the stars in "Robin Hood," opening at the Shubert Tuesday night.*

## Plays Holding Over

**"MEN TO THE SEA"**—A controversial and sincerely written play about Navy wives, their sea-going husbands and their many problems, by newspaperman Herbert Kubly. The engagement has been extended for a third and final week prior to a New York opening. The company—all youthful Broadwayites—includes Toni Gilman, Randolph Echols, Maggie Gould, Joyce Mathews and Michael Strong.

**"THE PERFECT MARRIAGE"**—Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory are the sometimes happy couple in Samuel Raphaelson's new play, which tells of the felicities of matrimony and the hazards of divorce. Martha Sleeper distinguishes herself among the featured performers, and young Joyce Van Patten is the child in the house. This is the second and final week here.


SHUBERT — BEG. TUESDAY EVE. 8:30
FIRST MUSICAL OF THIS SEASON
R. H. BURNSIDE presents
REGINALD de KOVEN'S Romantic Comic Opera
IN ITS ORIGINAL FORM
AS PLAYED BY THE FAMOUS BOSTONIANS

ROBIN HOOD
Book by HARRY B. SMITH
WITH AN ALL-STAR CAST
BARBARA SCULLY, ROBERT FIELD, MARGARET SPENCER, LYLE TALBOT, HELEN HEDRICK, GEORGE LIPTON, WILFRED GLENN
HEAR THE FOLK SONGS IN AMERICA'S FINEST LIGHT OPERA — OH, PROMISE ME," "BROWN OCTOBER ALE" & A DOZEN OTHERS
Evs.: $1.20, 1.80, 2.40, 3.00, 3.60 Mats. Wed., Sat. $1.20, 1.80, 2.40, 3.00 (Inc. Tax)

PLYMOUTH LAST WEEK—MATS. THURS. TAY.
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MIRIAM HOPKINS
VICTOR JORY
in a new play by SAMSON RAPHAELSON
THE PERFECT MARRIAGE
with MARTHA SLEEPER
Directed by the author Setting by OLIVER SMITH
Evs. $1.20, $1.80, $2.40, $3.00. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. $1.20, $1.80, $2.40 (Inc. Tax)

PLYMOUTH--2 WKS. BEG. Mon., Oct. 2
Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2nd
present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
I REMEMBER MAMA
A New Play by John van Druten
Adapted from Kathryn Forbes' "Mama's Bank Account"
Staged by MR. van DRUTEN
PRICES: EVES. $1.20, $1.80, $2.40, $3.00.
Mats. Thurs., Sat. $1.20, $1.80, $2.40 (inc. tax) SEATS THURS.

Boston OPERA HOUSE
TICKETS Tom'w. 9:30 A. M. TO 9 P. M.
OPERA HOUSE and WILBUR Theatre
Mail orders filled as received
Send self-addressed, stamped envelope
ONLY N. E. ENGAGEMENT
POSITIVELY NO TEL. ORDERS
Week Only Beg. Oct. 2
Mon. thru Sat. Eves. — Wed. & Sat. Mats.

S. HUROK presents the Greatest in
RUSSIAN BALLET
the Ballet Theatre
AARON RICHMOND, Local Manager
The Most Extravagant Organization of Star Dancers in Existence Today!
GOLLNER KAYE LAING CHASE HIGHTOWER PETROFF KARELIVA ROMANOFF REED TUDOR ROBBINS LANG
Many Others Including Guest Artists
Tatiana Riabouchinska Anton Dolin
And by Special Arrangement
TAMARA TOUMANOVA
PRICES INCLUDE 20% GOV. TAX
EVES.— Entire Orch. $3.60. Orch. Circle, first 2 rows $3.00, last 2 rows $2.40. 1st Bale. 1st 9 rows $3.00. F-K $2.40. 1st Bale last 9 rows $2.80. 2nd Bale. 1st 9 rows $1.80, balance $1.20.
WED. MAT.— Orch. A-L $3.00. Orch. balance $2.40. Entire circle $2.40. 1st Bale 5 rows $2.40. 1st Bale, 19 rows $1.80. 2nd Bale, entire $1.20.
SAT. MAT.— Entire Orch. & Bcx Seats $3.00, balance of house same prices as evenings.
GALA OPENING
NEXT MONDAY EVENING
"Romeo and Juliet," "Fancy Free," "Princess Aurora." LEONARD BERNSTEIN conducts "Fancy Free."
Tues. Eve.. "Tal Hoi," "Pillar of Fire," "Graduation Ball."
Wed. Mat., "Romeo and Juliet," "Fancy Free," "Bluebeard."
Wed. Eve., "Sylphides," "Fair at Beresinka," "Pas de Deux," "Gala Performance."
Thurs. Eve., "Swan Lake," "Waltz Academy," "Pas de Quatre," "Petrouchka."
Fri. Eve., "Giselle," "Fancy Free," "Gala Performance."
Sat. Mat., "Waltz Academy," "Peter and the Wolf," "Graduation Ball."
Sat. Eve., "Romeo and Juliet," "Fair at Sorochinsk," "Princess Aurora."

COLONIAL • 1 Week Beg. TUESDAY, SEPT. 26
ROBERT REUD presents
OUR FANNY
A new farce by HARRY SEGALL
with JOY HODGES
JOHN ARCHER BRUCE MacFARLANE
PRICES: Evenings $2.40, $1.80, $1.20, Tax Included
MATS. WED., THURS. & SAT. $1.80, $1.20, 90c Tax Inc.

COLONIAL—Beg. Mon., Oct. 9—3 WEEKS ONLY
HELEN HAYES
in
"HARRIET"
MAIL ORDERS NOW! Send self-addressed stamped envelope. Evs. 1.20—1.80—2.40—3.00—3.60
MATINEES: Thurs. (Columbus Day) 1st week. Wed. 2nd and 3rd week. 1.20-1.80-2.40. Sat. 1.20-1.80-2.40-3.00. Tax incl.

WILBUR 2 WKS. BEG. TUES. EVE. OCT. 3 — MATS. WED. & SAT.
you'll THRILL WITH EXCITEMENT SCREAM WITH LAUGHTER When you
"MEET A BODY"
A Murder-mystery comedy by JANE HINTON
with AL SHEAN • WHITFORD KANE
Harry Gribbon • Ruth McDevitt • Forrest Orr
Produced by H. CLAY BLANEY • Staged by WILLIAM CASTLE • Designed by WILLIS KNIGHTON
MAIL ORDERS NOW! Evs. $3.00, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20 (Tax Incl.) Wed. & Sat. Mats. $2.40, $1.80, $1.20 SEATS THURS.

WILBUR—HELD OVER by popular demand
for 3rd additional week thru Sept. 30. Eves. at 8:30—Mats. Wed. and Sat.
DAVE WOLPER presents prior to N. Y.

MEN TO THE SEA
by HERBERT KUBLY
Staged by EDDIE DOWLING
Settings by Howard Bay

TIME MAGAZINE SAID:
*An Army chaplain was shocked by the stories young men told him of broken marriages. He said last week: "American women have failed their fighting men . . ."*
IS THAT TRUE? SEE THIS PLAY FOR THE ANSWER

First night . . . The . . . The attendance . . . is . . . the frankness . . . —L . . . E . . .

An honest . . . presentation of problems . . . and . . . youth. —. . . THE ANSWER

Though not for the . . . young . . . it is . . . A serious, . . . —C. . . THE GLOBE

Powerful drama, easily the best new play of the season. —Helen Eager, THE TRAVELER

Evenings: $3.30, $3.00, $2.40, $2.00
Wed. Mat.: $1.20, $1.00
Sat. Mat.: $1.20, $1.00, $2.40. Tax Included

*"YOUTH RUNS WILD," RKO's startling story of juvenile delinquency, brings Glenn Vernon, Tessa Brind and Bonita Granville to the screen at the Trans-Lux Wednesday.*

*GERALDINE FITZGERALD in "Wilson," which has a gala premiere at the RKO-Boston Thursday evening.*

*VIVIAN BLAINE is the new star in "Greenwich Village," at the Paramount and Fenway Thursday.*

*JOYCE REYNOLDS has the title role in "Janie," comedy of the younger generation now at the Metropolitan.*

*CLAUDETTE COLBERT is one of the many stars in "Since You Went Away," now at the State and Orpheum.*

# Burlesque Riding On High

## GLOBE

Right up front in the beauty parade at the Globe, which opens up a new show at midnight tonight is the radiant Radianna, who has added something new to her startling dance acts.

Radianna

Doree is another darling in the spotlight, while Hal Weber and Harry Lander are a pair of high jinks comics good for a carload of laughs.

Jean Graham and Walter Walters, Jr., are among the vaudeville headliners. The film features are "Ball of Fire," with Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper, and "Time To Kill," featuring Lloyd Nolan.

## CASINO

The gala midnight show at the Casino last Friday, brought some of the really big names in traveling burlesque to town. There is first of all that marvel of grace and rhythm, blonde Maxine de Shon, one of the prettiest and most popular girls who visits our town.

Maxine de Shon

Toni Mitchell is another eye-appealing charmer, with some trick dance routines all her own.

Recently featured in "Hellzapoppin," Moore and Bergh, the most comical Mutt and Jeff on the boards, keep the crowd demanding more and more of their fine foolery, and of course there's a royal welcome and a great big hand as always, for Steve Mills.

## Between Two Worlds

"Between Two Worlds," from Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound," stars Paul Henried, John Garfield and Eleanor Parker on the Exeter screen.

## Bette Davis Stars

"Mr. Skeffington," starring Bette Davis, with Claude Rains and Walter Abel featured, is today's hit at the Uptown.

*MADY CHRISTIANS comes to the Plymouth on Oct. 2 in the new comedy, "I Remember Mama."*

## MOVIE TIMES AT INTOWN THEATERS SUNDAY

STATE AND ORPHEUM—"Since You Went Away": 1, 3:55, 6:50, 9:40.

METROPOLITAN—"Last Ride": 2:45, 5:00, 8:20. "Janie": 1, 3:45, 6:35, 9:35.

MEMORIAL—"Casanova Brown": 1, 3:05, 6:25, 9:20. "Mlle. Fifi": 2:35, 5:20, 8:10.

RKO BOSTON Stage Show: 1, 3:05, 5:10, 7:50, 9:45. Pearl of Death": 1:35, 4:40, 6:05, 8:15, 10:25.

GLOBE—"Time To Kill": 1:14, 5:41, 9:55. "Hell of Fire": 3:40, 7:07. Stage show, 4:55, 8:35.

PARAMOUNT—"Mask of Dimitrios": 1, 3:50, 6:50, 9:45. A WAVE, a WAC and a Marine": 1:30, 4:45, 8.

FENWAY—"Mask of Dimitrios": 2:45, 6, 9:20. "A Wave, A WAC And A Marine": 1:30, 4:45, 8.

MODERN—"Make Your Own Bed": 1, 4:20, 7:40. "Between Two Worlds": 2:30, 5:50, 9:10.

UPTOWN—"Mr. Skeffington": 1:30, 4:50, 8:05. "Make Your Own Bed": 1, 4:30, 8.

EXETER—"Between Two Worlds": 2:50, 6, 9:15. "She's a Soldier, Too": 1:50, 4:50, 8:10.

OLYMPIA—"Mr. Skeffington": 2:30, 5:40, 8:45, 9.

SCOLLAY—"Mr. Skeffington": 1, 4:40, 8:20, 9.

TREMONT—"Arizona": 12:45, 4:30, 7:55. "Government Girl": 3:30, 6:30, 9:30.

NORMANDIE—"Government Girl": 3:20, 7:15. "Arizona": 1:10, 5, 8:55.


CASINO LAF 6156

TRAVELING VARIETRIX Streamlined BURLESK

HELLS A POPIN MOORE BERGH

STEVE MILLS

ROCK-DEAN • PEGGY COOK JACK HUTCHINSON • DARLENE BILL HARRIS • RAYMOND KALEN

1 PLAYING! BURLESK'S BEAUTIFUL BLONDE

MAXINE DE SHON

TONI MITCHELL

Starts Friday, Sept, 29, "THE BEEF TRUST"

M-P Theatres MOVIE GUIDE

WOW! METROPOLITAN

Joyce Reynolds • Rob't Hutton
Edward Arnold • Ann Harding
Robert Benchley • Alan Hale

Janie

PLUS 2nd HIT "THE LAST RIDE" Richard Travis

PARAMOUNT AND FENWAY — GREENSTREET • LORRE "MASK OF DIMITRIOS" — YOUNGMAN • KNOX "A WAVE, A WAC AND A MARINE"

WASH. ST. OLYMPIA & SCOLLAY — BETTE DAVIS • Claude Rains "MR. SKEFFINGTON"

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in Person!

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7 ALL-STAR VAUDEVILLE ACTS

Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, Gene Krupa and Orchestra in "Ball of Fire." Lloyd Nolan, H. Angel in "Time To Kill"

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★ Walter Walters, Jr.
★ Connie Ryan
★ Bob Freed
30 JACKIETTS
Cast of 60

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Doors Orpheum 12:45 p.m.
Open State 12:45 p.m.

DAVID O. SELZNICK'S 'SINCE YOU WENT AWAY'

7 – GREAT STARS – 7

plus NEWS of THE DAY

21st BIG WEEK!

Franz Werfel's THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

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DIANE RAYE
3 Wells Peggy Woods
20 Peaches 20 Gorgeous Girls

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2ND SMASH WEEK!

GARY COOPER TERESA WRIGHT Casanova Brown

Frank Morgan • Nancy Davis

Co-hit "MADEMOISELLE FIFI"

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PEARL of DEATH

CLEVELAND CIRCLE

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Sing "GOING MY WAY" Fitzgerald

Crosby

ALSO SELECTED SHORT SUBJECTS

ALLSTON-JAMAICA PLAIN

Cont. 2:11 Capitol-Jamaica Cont. 2:11

Bette Davis-Claude Rains MR SKEFFINGTON — M. O'Shea-Ann Baxter THE GHOST OF ST. MARK

T. Conway-Nana Mortis — J. Lydon-Charlie Smith FALCON IN MEXICO — Henry Aldrich's Secret

ALLSTON

CONT. 2:11 STA. 4410 — Kay Francis-Carole Landis "FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP" Tom Conway-"Night of Adventure"

CAMBRIDGE

CENTRAL SQ. N. Bogart 'Dead End' TRO. 7900 Dead End Kids CONT. 1:11 Eddie Cantor "Kid From Spain"

CHELSEA

OLYMPIA M. O'Shea-Anne Baxter CHE. 1861 "EYE OF ST. MARK" Donald O'Connor "THIS IS THE LIFE"

BROADWAY Bill Weiler and Big Cast HERS. 1600 "HERS, HOOK(?)" Sabu - "ELEPHANT BOY"

DORCHESTER

CODMAN TAL. 4040 Cont. from 1:30 Pat O'Brien-Ruth Warrick "MARINE RAIDERS" C. McCarthy-W. Frawley SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

FIELDS Red Skelton F. Williams-Jason Gr TAL. 3200 BATHING BEAUTY In Color CONT. 1:30 T. Marshall "Ladies In Washington"

FRANKLIN TAL. 5900 Cont. 1:30 Air Co Pat O'Brien-Martha Scott "Flight Lieutenant" Maureen "Song of the Open Road" C. Morgan-B. Granville

BOSTON GEN. 6300. CONT. 1:30

Cary Grant in "ONCE UPON A TIME" Anne Baxter in "EYE OF ST. MARK"

STRAND CONT. from 1:00 P.M. COL. 2000 Bette Davis-"Mr. Skeffington"-C. Rains N. Simmins-"The Curse of the Cat People"

HYDE PARK

FAIRMOUNT Red Skelton-Esther Williams HYD. 1234 "BATHING BEAUTY" Color CONT. 1:30 also "Ladies In Washington"

HYDE PARK Ronald Colman CONT. 1:30-11 "UNDER TWO FLAGS" HYD. 1411 Tyrone Power "THE RAINS CAME"

MATTAPAN

ORIENTAL CONT. 1:30-11. BLU. 1200 Bette Davis-Claude Rains "MR. SKEFFINGTON" Tom Conway-Nana Mortis "FALCON IN MEXICO"

MIDDLE BOYLSTON

REGENT SAILOR'S HOLIDAY Irene Dunne—Alan Marshall "THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"

ROSLINDALE

RIALTO Red Skelton "BATHING BEAUTY" In Color "LADIES IN WASHINGTON"

ROXBURY

REVERE HIG. 0100 CONTINUOUS 1-11 Bette Davis' "MR SKEFFINGTON"-Claude Rains Tom Conway-"THE FALCON IN MEXICO"

DUDLEY HIG. 0041. CONT. 1 to 11 LON CHANEY J. CARROLL NAISH "MUMMY'S GHOST" "JUNGLE WOMAN"

SHAWMUT "Days of Glory" Russian Cast Fred MacMurray-Betty Hutton-Dorothy Lamour "AND THE ANGELS SING"

HUMBOLDT Hig. 1100 Cont. 1:30-11 Dorothy Lamour-Fred MacMurray "ANGELS SING" Gregory Peck-Tamara Toumanova "Days of Glory"

GARY COOPER "DR. WASSELL" In Color WARREN SWEETHEARTS OF THE U. S. A.

SOMERVILLE

SOM. 2200 Capitol-Ball Sq. SOM. 3434

RED SKELTON • ESTHER WILLIAMS "BATHING BEAUTY" In Color

William Henry — "SILENT PARTNER"

CENTRAL Ray Francis-Carole Landis SOM. 7410 "FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP" Vera Ralston-"THE LADY AND THE MONSTER"

STRAND Betty Grable-Martha Raye SOM. 0850 "PIN UP GIRL" (In Color) Tom Conway - "THE FALCON OUT WEST"

WOLLASTON

WOLLASTON Red Skelton-E. Williams "BATHING BEAUTY" CONT. 1 P. M. PRE. 1600 "Henry Aldrich's Little Secret"

# Busy Season For Theaters

By JOYCE DANA
Drama Editor

JUVENILE delinquency has become one of the war's major subjects for thought and action. Not a city or town has escaped this stupendous social and economic problem. So it's not amiss to call the attention of thoughtful parents and wondering adolescents to the film, "Youth Runs Wild," which comes to the Trans-Lux Wednesday.

It's stark drama—but it's as true as headlines and court records, and based on the authentic findings of Ruth Clifton, 18-year-old originator of the Moline Plan for Youth Guidance.

★ ★ ★

The calendar is crowded, meanwhile, for Boston's "legit" houses.

*JOY HODGES*

Tuesday night brings "Our Fanny," a new comedy by Harry Segall to the Colonial. Fanny, it seems, is a race horse.

Joy Hodges, John Archer and Bruce MacFarland head the cast.

★ ★ ★

On the same night devotees of light opera will find that old-time De Koven favorite, "Robin Hood," at the Shubert—its first presentation here in a score of years.

Barbara Scully, Robert Field, and Margaret Spencer are among the principal singers.

★ ★ ★

The first week in October brings two more new ones. At the Plymouth on Monday, October 2. "I Remember Mama," by John Van Druten, has Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 2d of "Oklahoma" fame and fortune, making their debut as producers.

Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka, film and stage favorites are co-starred.

★ ★ ★

On the following night at the Wilbur, there will be murder, mystery and a carload of laughs in "Meet a Body," by Jane Hinton. Al Shean and Whitford Kane are the top names, and the action takes place in the MacGregor Mortuary, which definitely sounds like the spot for weird goings-on.

★ ★ ★

October 9 brings Helen Hayes to the Colonial in the warmly appealing role of Harriet Beecher Stowe in the play, 'Harriet." New York playgoers have found the role as fine and fascinating, as her "Victoria," and that's the highest praise one could wish for. Gilbert Miller has staged the production

*NORA KAYE is one of the featured dancers with the Ballet Theater, coming to the Opera House on Oct. 2.*

## WEEI Columbia 590 KC | WBZ National 1030 KC | WNAC Mutual 1260 KC | WHDH Blue 850 KC | WMEX 1510 KC

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 9:00 | ‡World News | ‡World News | ‡Rev. J. Zoller | ‡News | *Waltz Time |
| 9:15 | *Organ Music | ‡Church School | Rev. J. Zoller | ‡Judon Hour | ‡Home of Truth |
| 9:30 | *Organ Music | ‡New York | ‡Proph'y Voice | ‡Judon Hour | ‡Home of Truth |
| 9:45 | ‡News | State Guard | ‡Proph'y Voice | ‡Judon Hour | *Morn'g Tunes |
| | 9:30 WCOP | §Italian Hour | | 9:30 WORL | ‡Hellenic Dawn |
| 10:00 | ‡Church of | ‡Bible Talk | ‡Bible Class | †Israel Drama | *Morn'g Tunes |
| 10:15 | the Air | ‡Bible Talk | ‡Bible Class | †Israel Drama | *Modern Music |
| 10:30 | ‡Over Jordan | Reporter | ‡Weather Key | †ParkSt.Church | *Modern Music |
| 10:45 | ‡Over Jordan | ‡School Man | *Symphonette | †ParkSt.Church | ‡Temple |
| | 10:00 WCOP | ‡Italian Hour | | 10:30 WORL | ‡Polish Program |
| 11:00 | ‡News; | Choir | ‡Pursuit of | ‡Cathedral | †ParkSt.Church | ‡Tremont |
| 11:15 | *Blue Jackets | Learning | Church of | | †ParkSt.Church | Temple |
| 11:30 | *Learn'g Invt. | ‡Labor Speaks | St. Paul | | †ParkSt.Church | ‡Church |
| 11:45 | *Learn'g Invt. | *Betsy Ross | Service | | †ParkSt.Church | Service |
| | 11:00 WCOP | *Freilicher Kabtzen | | 11:00 WORL | ‡News and Music | |
| NOON | ‡News | ‡News | ‡Pilgrim Hour | *Italian Music | ‡News |
| 12:15 | ‡News Analyst | ‡Miss Swank | ‡Pilgrim Hour | ‡News | *Spotlight |
| 12:30 | ‡Harvest | *Stradivari | ‡Lutheran Hour | *Matinee Music | *Operettas |
| 12:45 | Show | *Stradivari | ‡Lutheran Hour | *Matinee Music | *Operettas |
| | 12:00 WCOP | *Freilicher | | 12:00 WORL | ‡News; 920 Club |
| 1:00 | ‡On Beacon St. | ‡News | ‡News | *Hazelwood | ‡Playhouse |
| 1:15 | *Revue | ‡Tom Kippur | ‡Catholic Truth | *Magic Carpet | *Italian Tunes |
| 1:30 | ‡Talks | ‡Round Table | ‡Political | *Song Ca'lcade | *Joseph Tall |
| 1:45 | From London | ‡Round Table | *Bob Stanley | *Song Ca'lcade | *Joseph Tall |
| | 1:00 WCOP | *Polish Program | | 1:00 WORL | ‡Calvary Church |
| 2:00 | ‡Dangerously | *Spotlight | □Sky Riders | *Song Ca'lcade | *Waltz Music |
| 2:15 | Yours | ‡Talks | □Sky Riders | *Song Ca'lcade | *Waltz Music |
| 2:30 | ‡World News | *J. C. Thomas | *Herb Lewis | §Sammy Kaye | ‡Christian Sci. |
| 2:45 | ‡World News | *J. C. Thomas | *Billy Rogers | §Sammy Kaye | ‡Christian Sci. |
| | 2:30 WCOP | *Hellenic Dawn | | 2:30 WORL | *Parade of Hits |
| 3:00 | *N.Y. Symph'y | §World Parade | §Thanks to | ‡George Hicks | *Swedish Tunes |
| 3:15 | *N.Y. Symph'y | §World Parade | America | *Music Review | *Swedish Tunes |
| 3:30 | *N.Y. Symph'y | §Army Hour | †Mysterious | †Miss Hattie | †St.Anthony Hr |
| 3:45 | *N.Y. Symph'y | §Army Hour | Traveler | †Miss Hattie | †St.Anthony Hr |
| | 3:45 WCOP | ‡Pleasant Hill | | 4:00 WORL | ‡News; 920 Club |
| 4:00 | *N.Y. Symph'y | §Army Hour | *Music With- | *Off Record | *Treasury |
| 4:15 | *N.Y. Symph'y | §Army Hour | out Words | *Off Record | Varieties |
| 4:30 | *Kostelanetz | *Sunday on | □Musical Quix | *World of Song | *Dance Music |
| 4:45 | *Kostelanetz | the Esplanade | □Musical Quix | *World of Song | *Dance Music |
| | 4:15 WCOP | †Rescue Mission | | 4:00 WORL | ‡News; 920 Club |
| 5:00 | *Family Hour | *NBC Symph'ny | ‡Can't Take | *Mary Small | ‡Pilgrim Hour |
| 5:15 | *Family Hour | *NBC Symph'ny | It With You | *Mary Small | ‡Pilgrim Hour |
| 5:30 | *Family Hour | *NBC Symph'ny | ‡The Shadow | †Hot Copy | *Hawaii Calls |
| 5:45 | ‡Wm. Shirer | *NBC Symph'ny | ‡The Shadow | †Hot Copy | ‡News |
| | 5:45 WCOP | ‡Mormon Service | | 5:00 WORL | §Const Guard Show |
| 6:00 | ‡Silver Thea. | ‡Catholic Hour | □Quick As | §Summer Hour | ‡Tremont Tple |
| 6:15 | ‡Silver Thea. | ‡Catholic Hour | A Flash | §Summer Hour | ‡Tremont Tple |
| 6:30 | *Fanny Brice | *The Great | ‡Upton Close | §Summer Hour | †Ave Maria |
| 6:45 | *Fanny Brice | Gildersleeve | *Dick Brown | §Summer Hour | †Ave Maria |
| | 6:45 WCOP | ‡American Legion | | 6:00 WORL | §News; 920 Club |
| 7:00 | §Kate Smith | *All Time Hit | ‡Baseball | ‡Drew Pearson | *Classic Album |
| 7:15 | §Kate Smith | Parade | *Yankee | †Headlines | *Classic Album |
| 7:30 | §Kate Smith | *Bandwagon | Symphony | □Quiz Kids | *Classic Album |
| 7:45 | §Kate Smith | *Bandwagon | Hour | □Quiz Kids | *Classic Album |
| | 7:30 WCOP | ‡Park Street | Church | | |
| 8:00 | *Bloodie | §Edgar Bergen | §Mediation Brd. | *Village Choir | ‡Church Service |
| 8:15 | *Bloodie | §Edgar Bergen | §Mediation Brd. | D. Thompson | ‡Church Service |
| 8:30 | ‡Crime Doctor | ‡One Man's | ‡Mediation Brd. | †Deadlines | ‡Church Service |
| 8:45 | ‡Crime Doctor | Family | ‡Heatter | †Deadlines | ‡Church Service |
| | 8:45 WCOP | *Beyond Victory | | | |
| 9:00 | ‡Readers D'gst | §Merry-Go-R'nd | ‡Walter | ‡Journal | ‡Revival Hour |
| 9:15 | ‡Readers D'gst | §Merry-Go-R'nd | Hampden | §Basin Street | ‡Revival Hour |
| 9:30 | §Jas. Melton | *Fam'lar Music | §Cedric Foster | §Basin Street | ‡Revival Hour |
| 9:45 | §Jas. Melton | *Fam'lar Music | ‡Tom Kippur | ‡Jimmie Fidler | ‡Revival Hour |
| | 9:00 WCOP | *Concert Hour | | | |
| 10:00 | □Take It or | *Hr. of Charm | §Good Will Hr | *Life of Riley | †News; Scores |
| 10:15 | Leave It | *Hr. of Charm | §Good Will Hr | *Life of Riley | *Irish Tunes |
| 10:30 | §We The | §Les Tremayne | §Good Will Hr. | ‡Keep up with | *Pan-America |
| 10:45 | People | §Les Tremayne | §Bill McCune | the World | ‡Army Voice |
| | 10:45 WCOP | ‡BBC News | | | |
| 11:00 | ‡News; | W'ther | ‡News; | W'ther | ‡News | *Dance Session |
| 11:15 | *Jam Music | ‡Headliners | ‡Revival Hour | ‡Message | *Dance Session |
| 11:30 | §Jack Pepper | ‡Pacific Story | ‡Revival Hour | of Israel | *Day's End |
| 11:45 | §Jack Pepper | ‡Pacific Story | ‡Revival Hour | *Music; News | *Day's End |
| MID. | ‡News; | Music | ‡News; Music | ‡Revival Hour | *Nocturne | *Day's End |

§Variety •Comedy *Music †Drama □Quiz ‡Talk


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STARTS AT 5 P. M. Chester Morris
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KENMORE 0778 Geo. Murphy—Jean Davis Eddie Cantor "SHOW BUSINESS" "Falcon Out West"

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COOLIDGE CORNER B BROOKLINE VILLAGE
Eleanor Powell-D. O'Keefe "SENSATIONS OF 1945" Jean Gale in "THE IMPOSTER"
E. Williams-Red Skelton "BATHING BEAUTY" 1-3:45-6:30-9:20 "Ladies in Washington"

**CAMBRIDGE**

UNIVERSITY KIR. 4580 RESERVED SEATS
ELEANOR POWELL Sensations of 1945 RAY O'DONNELL MARINE RAIDERS

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LECHMERE Wal. Ford-Frank Skully "INSIDE THE LAW"
G. Sanders—"THEY CAME TO BLOW UP AMERICA"

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Fred MacMurray-Dorothy Lamour 'AND THE ANGELS SING'
Ed. Barrier-Lionel Atwell—"Secrets of Scotland Yard"

HOLLYWOOD CHAS. 1440 KC
Fred MacMurray-Dorothy Lamour 'AND THE ANGELS SING'
Ed. Barrier-Lionel Atwell—"Secrets of Scotland Yard"

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also "ROOKIES IN BURMA"

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Andrews Sisters-Lee Carrillo—"Moonlight in Vermont" DINNERWARE FREE TO LADIES MON. AND TUES.

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MAGNET 1 TO 11 CONT. MATTAPAN
Jon Hall-Evelyn Ankers "Invisible Man's Revenge" Dustah Bondi-P. Kilbride "She's a Soldier, Too"
John Garfield — "THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL" Bruce Bennett "U-BOAT PRISONER"

**EVERETT**

EVE. 8:01 CAPITOL & PARK EVE. 8:01
"For Me & My Gal" 2:10-5:43-9:16 "Billy The Kid" 4:01-7:34
Cary Grant-Janet Blair "ONCE UPON A TIME" "Underground Guerrillas"

RIALTO Bob Hope-Betty Hutton "LET'S FACE IT" "OUTLAW TRAIL"
EVE. 6326

**LYNN**

LYNN OPEN UNTIL 1:30 A.M. Carole Bait-Grace MacDonald "FOLLOW THE BOYS" "CALLING DR. DEATH"

**MALDEN**

GRANADA CONT. • MAL. 7654
2:30-11 • Free Parking
Lon McAllister-Joanne Crain—"HOME IN INDIANA" also "FALCON IN MEXICO"

STRAND CONTINUOUS • MAL. 7654
1:45-11 • Free Parking
PAT O'BRIEN-RUTH HUSSEY—"MARINE RAIDER" also "TWILIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE"

**MALDEN (Continued)**

MYSTIC CONTINUOUS • MAL. 7654
1:45-11 • Free Parking
F. Tone-Veronica Lake—"The Hour Before the Dawn" Trudy Marshall-H. Graham—"Ladies of Washington"

ORPHEUM MAT. 1:45 - EVE. 7:11
SAT., SUN., HOL. CONT.
BETTY GRABLE-JOE E. BROWN—"PIN-UP GIRL" Paul Lukas-K. T. Stevens—"ADDRESS UNKNOWN"

AUDITORIUM CONTINUOUS 1:30 to 11
Red Skelton-Esther Williams—"BATHING BEAUTY" also "HENRY ALDRICH'S LITTLE SECRET"

MAPLEWOOD CONTINUOUS 1:45 to 11
J. Durante-Van Johnson—"Two Girls and a Sailor" Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce—"THE SCARLET CLAWS"

**MEDFORD**

MEDFORD IRENE DUNNE "WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"
CONTINUOUS 1:45 to 11
"Twilight on the Prairie"

**NORTH STATION**

LANCASTER UNCLE NED'S VARIETIES
"ONCE UPON A TIME" "NAVY WAY"

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H. O'Shea-Anne Shirley "MAN FROM FRISCO" Judy Canova "LOUISIANA HAYRIDE"
Bette Davis-Claude Rains "MR. SKEFFINGTON" Leon Errol "Twilight on the Prairie"

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**SHREWSBURY**

DRIVE-IN THEATRE GEORGE SANDERS-BRENDA MARSHALL PARIS AFTER DARK
JANE WITHERS-JIMMY LYDON MY BEST GIRL
CONT. DUSK TO MIDNITE—RAIN or SHINE
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**SOMERVILLE**

TEELE SQ. SOMERVILLE BROADWAY
Maria Montez-Jon Hall-Sabu "JUNGLE WOMAN"
Richard Dix-J. Carrol Naish—"THE WHISTLER"

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DRIVE-IN THEATRE LESLIE HOWARD DAVID NIVEN SPITFIRE
FRANK ALBERTSON—LOUISA CAZY SWEMONEY SO, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE
CONT. DUSK TO MIDNITE—RAIN OR SHINE
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Charles Boyer — "GASLIGHT" — Ingrid Bergman
Jimmy Rogers-"PRAIRIE CHICKENS"-Noah Beery, Jr.

WINTHROP STATE ORIENT PARK
H. Stewart-S. Sidney "DEAD END" "KID FROM SPAIN"
Van Johnson-J. Allyson "2 Girls and a Sailor" "Million Dollar Kid"

# On the Side

by E. V. DURLING

Distributed by King Features Synd., Inc.

*Love is its own great loveliness, always,*
*And takes new lustre from the touch of time;*
*Its bough owns no December and no May*
*But bears its blossom into winter's clime.*
—THOMAS HOOD.

MY FATHER taught me how to tie a bow tie, pitch an outcurve and shave with a straight razor, but my Uncle Al taught me to box. It happened this way. As a kid I lost my first twenty-six fights. I was the softest touch on the block. About the only thing that could be said in my favor was I never dodged a fight. Finally my Uncle Al said to my father: "Charlie, if that boy of yours is ever to learn the manly art of self-defense he is going to be punch drunk before he gets out of grammar school." So my Uncle took me in hand. After that I just missed winning my twenty-seventh fight, but won my twenty-eighth easily. From then on my progress was excellent in a general way. From having been the booby of the block I gradually worked up to be the captain of the street's football and baseball teams.

★ ★ ★

*"I judge that a strict vegetarian will live 10 years longer than a habitual flesh eater while suffering in the average less than half as much sickness as the carnivorous must." So claimed Horace Greeley. The record for longevity among vegetarians is held by Thomas Parr, the celebrated Englishman who lived to be 152 years old. Think of living for 152 years and never enjoying a good steak or ham and eggs, or corn beef and cabbage, or Irish stew. It's ghastly.*

★ ★ ★

On the subject of marriage the six most remarkable remarks of all time are as follows: "Marriage is a lottery in which men stake their liberty and women their happiness."—Mme. de Rieux. "Well-married, a man is winged; ill-matched, he is shackled."—Henry Ward Beecher. "It is not good that man should be alone."—Genesis 2-18. "Mind, not body, makes marriage lasting."—Publius Syrus. "If they only married when they fell in love most people would die unwed."—Robert Louis Stevenson. "Being a husband is a whole-time job. That is why so many husbands fail. They cannot give their entire attention to it."—Arnold Bennett.

★ ★ ★

THE distance from the earth to the moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles. Even if you are in your 50's or 60's you may live to read of a successful trip to the moon. Some English scientists have originated a "moon flight rocket" which practical students of the matter believe might be developed to the point of making the afore-mentioned trip . . . So you were a great silent film fan?

All right, name the stars and featured players of the following, which were voted the best films of 1924: "Thief of Bagday," "Beau Brummel," "Ten Commandments," "America," "Sea Hawk," "Secrets," "Girl Shy," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Marriage Circle," "Abraham Lincoln."

★ ★ ★

*Writes a New Yorker: "It has been said the way to a man's heart is his stomach. My first wife believed that. It was not the way to my heart. I did not marry to acquire a cook and housekeeper. I was looking for a sweetheart to double my joys and divide my cares. If you want to be loved, be lovable. Ovid said that. And it is what my second wife believes. She is not much of a cook, but she understands love. Cooking and domestic science in general can be taught in high schools. To teach the fine art of love to young women in our secondary schools is not practical. It is to be regretted. Even the most skillful cooking will not hold a man. But clever, intelligent and understanding loving will. I know this not only from my own experience, but from that of other men who have had a good cook for a first wife and a clever and wonderful sweetheart for a second one."*

★ ★ ★

CAN you top the following record for longevity in one family? The ages of the thirteen living children of Mrs. Amy Cooper of London, Eng., are as follows: Amelia 78, Mary 76, Neila 74, Eliza 72, Bill 70, Harriet 68, Jack 66, Alice 64, Nancy 61, Maud 59, Fred 57, Ivy 52, Percy, 51. That is a total of 848 years for Mrs. Cooper's 13 living offspring, all of whom are in good health and still going strong.

★ ★ ★

*The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters and 810,697 words. I put that in for the benefit of a fellow in Champaign, Ill., who says he is going to check and double check every statement made in this column. I hope he enjoys himself counting the letters and words in the Bible . . . Note Lana Turner referred to as "the original sweater girl." Ridiculous. The first sweater girl was Ada Lewis, the second Eva Tanguay, the third Clara Bow and the fourth Lana Turner.*

★ ★ ★

"If you talk in your sleep please don't mention my name." Remember that song? Anyway, what a man says in his sleep cannot be used as grounds for divorce. In a Colorado divorce suit the wife claimed her husband talked in his sleep about other women and usually in terms most endearing. The court ruled: "One is not responsible for what one says in his sleep because he is unconscious and it is not voluntary."

# Murders in Texas

*Continued from Page 4*

you?' and he answered that he hadn't," the witness testified.

S. L. Veasey, a garage operator, and his wife testified that Thomas had frequented the Veasey Garage in Amarillo.

Texas Rangers Waters and Redwine of Amarillo, and Deputy Sheriff Dick Vaughn of Potter County (Amarillo), indentified a small piece of heavy string as one taken from a stove in the Veasey garage. Later G. H. McLaughlin, chemist for the State Department of Public Safety in Austin, said that the string taken from the bed of the slain couple had the same fibre, degree of firmness and twist, also the same approximate diameter, and "similar cuts."

George W. Gambill, with the identification bureau of the Department of Public Safety, testified that measurement of shoes found in the Veasey home, where Thomas had visited, were "as nearly as I can find approximately the same" as casts made near the scene of the slayings.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Veasey testified that the defendant was a friend of theirs. Mrs. Veasey said he had visited in their home as late as 4 p. m. on Monday, Oct. 25, which was the afternoon before the bodies were found. She next saw him she said, at about 8 the next morning, and he left that afternoon.

Mrs. Marie Hall, shipping agent for the Merchant Marine at Galveston, and a long-time acquaintance of the defendant, testified that he phoned her on Oct. 23, saying he was going fishing at Sabine Pass on the Gulf, and would get in touch with her in three or four days. She said she received a telephone call from him on the night of the 26th. He told her he had returned from his fishing trip.

DISTRICT ATTY. LAFONT put little Jo Ann Hunt on the stand, but the child became confused under questioning, with the result that the court ruled she could not qualify as a witness because she was too young and did not know "the sanctity of the oath."

Thomas did not take the stand nor was any evidence offered in his behalf. (As we shall see, he had an explanation for this, which the reader can assess for what it is worth.) However, Attys. Douglass and McCarthy both made appeals for an acquittal on the ground that the State had failed to solve the crime, or establish any motive.

Thomas, dressed impeccably in a blue-gray suit, sat impassively as the chief prosecutor demanded the extreme penalty. He showed no emotion as Lafont delved into the harrowing details of the crime. There was no change in his features as he heard himself called a heartless, cold-blooded monster.

The jury of nine farmers and three automobile dealers deliberated two hours and 40 minutes on Aug. 30, then filed back into the jury box.

"Have you gentlemen reached a verdict?" Judge Russell asked.

"We have," the tall foreman answered.

"You will read it to the court."

"We . . . find Jim Thomas guilty of the murder of Dr. Roy Hunt . . . and sentence him to die in the electric chair."

THE stillness was broken only by the sudden sobbing of a woman. Thomas for a moment lost his composure, gulped and looked at the floor. His attorneys appeared astonished. Court attendants led the defendant out of the courtroom and back to his cell in the county jail.

There he explained to reporters why he had offered no defense.

"I was with a woman from a prominent Panhandle family that night," he said. "There was absolutely nothing out of the way, but I knew that if her name were linked with a fellow with a record like mine, it would ruin her reputation. I kept thinking this would blow over, or that they would turn on someone else."

He insisted that he knew nothing of the murders. "A lot of things were never brought to the surface in this trial," he added, "and convicting me isn't going to solve the case."

Perhaps there will be nothing more to record about this puzzling crime. On the other hand, perhaps the story is not quite finished.

Dr. Newton is scheduled to be tried again, despite the fact that the principal state witness is now beyond recall.

Will Justice triumph?

# She's Beautiful But Very Smart

*Continued from Page 3*

in "Three Girls About Town." Needless to say, Janet held her own in this experienced company.

She did so well, in fact, that she was granted feature or stellar billing in every subsequent picture. A few months later, when "Three Girls" was released to the enthusiastic theatergoers of the nation, she went joyously back to Altoona for "Janet Blair Week."

The knowledge that she was standing other people on their heads was understandingly satisfying to the gal who had started out in life standing on her own head. The town turned out to acclaim her in full force.

Blair is a name that fits Janet to perfection, but actually it isn't her own. She was born Martha Janet Lafferty. The "Blair" came when she was seeking a monicker that would look well in lights and she borrowed it from Blair County, Pa., where she spent her childhood.

In private life her name is plain Busch, which she acquired when she married Louis Busch, who had been pianist and arranger for Hal Kemp. Louis is currently a sergeant in the Army. Upon his release he hopes to buy a farm and go in for vegetable raising, which will open the way for still another career for the versatile Janet.

As added insurance against boredom in matrimony and retirement, Janet is taking up the study of painting. Michelangelo, she remembers, executed wondrous masterpieces while standing on his head. It's intriguingly possible that she, a born dyed-in-the-wool, truly expert head-stander, might do almost as well.

Jane Lafferty wasn't so dumb!


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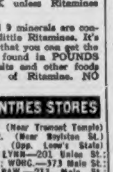

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# The Last of the Marrying Mdivanis Carries On Wedding Tour

*Continued from Page 2*

dolph Valentino or for Charlie Chaplin."

IN TWO weeks, Pola and Serge were wed at an astonishing medieval chateau she had bought and on its grounds 5000 rose trees were planted especially for the wedding reception. David and Mae Murray did not turn up for the wedding, though nearly all the impecunious nobility in the neighborhood did. When asked about it, Pola said they hadn't been invited.

Now two of the Mdivanis were embarked on the marital merry-go-round that was to amaze two continents when it really got spinning.

Alexis, young, attractive, well dressed, a crack polo player, a good swimmer and an all-around athlete, promptly appeared on the Newport and Long Island scene and was much admired—especially by the ladies.

Alexis admired the American debutantes, himself, and one in particular, lovely Louise Van Alen. Louise's ancestry—stemming from the famous New York families of the Schermerhorns and the Astors—was everything old Gen. Mdivani could wish and furthermore she had a great deal of money.

Louise's mother was not very enthusiastic over it all, but her daughter was now madly in love with Alexis. So they got engaged and among the first to congratulate them was Barbara Hutton, who was to wed Alexis herself by and by—only nobody dreamed of that then.

Alexis and Louise were married in Newport at a very quiet ceremony, only slightly disturbed by the fact that Pola Negri had by now divorced Prince Serge in Paris and Prince Serge had promptly turned around and wed Mary McCormick, the wealthy soprano of the Chicago Opera Company.

Serge's marital adventures, in fact, had adready gotten the public a little dizzy but they hadn't seen anything yet.

Alexis and Louise set sail for Europe and a most sumptuous sort of honeymoon, Alexis always did have a nice free hand with money and he greatly enjoyed buying sleek polo ponies and expensive motor cars. Hearing about these things, the Van Alen family began to grow slightly alarmed.

They were quite right because the marriage actually lasted less than two years. Louise divorced Alexis in Holland and Alexis almost immediately set sail for New York, where he began to show very marked attentions to Barbara Hutton.

MEANWHILE, there was more trouble in the Mdivani clan, for Mae Murray had divorced David.

By now, the public were having a hard time telling one Mdivani from another and deciding which was married to whom.

The complications got a great deal worse when Barbara Hutton, slightly embarrased by the attentions being showered on her by the Mdivani who had been the husband of one of her best friends, decided to solve matters by taking a little trip to the Far East. But when she reached Bangkok, who should drop out of a Dutch airplane but Alexis.

Alexis was fervent; Barbara was in love. They decided to get married in Paris in June, and so they did.

SINCE ALEXIS never did manage to stay married very long, no one was too surprised when the begilded Barbara went to Reno and divorced him. They had remained wed for less than two years, and it wasn't long before Barbara was married again—to Count Haugwitz-Reventlow, with whom she is still having trouble.

About a year after Barbara had divorced him, Alexis came to the last chapter in his career. He was speeding along a road in Spain with the Baroness Maud von Thyssen, reputedly his latest admiration, when the car turned turtle. Alexis was dead when he was taken out of the wreckage.

At this point, the affairs of the marrying Mdivanis become too complicated to contemplate, for on Feb. 8, 1936, Serge wed the former Louise Van Alen, who had divorced Alexis.

It was the most opulent sort of wedding and took place in the Ponciana Chapel at the ocean front home of the bride's mother, Mrs. James Laurens Van Alen.

Brother David, now not married to anyone, was on hand, and all through the country newspaper readers put their heads in their hands and moaned faintly since the Mdivani's marital affairs had now got so mixed up that only a trained accountant could keep track of them.

At the moment, the score was: David, married to Mae Murray, now divorced.

The late Alexis: Had married Louise Van Alen and Barbara Hutton.

Serge: Married to Pola Negri and Mary McCormick, divorced by both, and now wed to his brother's ex-wife.

Serge's final marriage lasted just 36 days. He was killed on March 16, 1936, after his pony and another had crashed into each other during a Florida polo game.

Now only David remains. And true to the Mdivani tradition, he's just got married again.

# London's "Mata Hari" Fails Hitler

*Continued from Page 1*

particularly subtle. As a confidential clerk in the embassy, he amassed more than 1500 confidential papers, managed to get hold of keys to the embassy's code room, and then calmly passed on his important military information to Anna Wolkoff.

Anna in turn relayed to Berlin the information. But her treachery was more subtle.

During her girlhood she had been a friend of the Duchess of Kent and the duchess had recognized the designing talent of the young Russian girl, and after ordering several of her creations, had encouraged her to establish her own salon.

It needed only the encouragement of the lovely and fashionable duchess to establish Anna as one of the great modistes of London. More royalty flocked to her salon.

All this time, while making fame and fortune in London, Anna Wolkoff had extra-curricular activities of which neither the United States embassy nor the British foreign office were aware. Anna was meeting Kent regularly, and was going on automobile rides with him.

NOT UNTIL later, when the harm was done, did these rides appear significant.

But there came a time when these motor jaunts were officially followed. And at the time of the trial of Anna and Tyler Kent, the official Scotland Yard testimony read:

"Scotland Yard believed that Anna Wolkoff had a channel of communication with Germany, and noted that Kent was in frequent contact with her and shared an automobile with her.

At the trial the United States State Department added this testimony:

"Kent had been observed by Scotland Yard as having been in frequent contact with Anna Wolkoff, and was convinced that she was receiving confidential information from Kent."

ALL THIS evidence apparently convinced the British authorities of the mutual guilt of Anna Wolkoff and Kent. And so they were sentenced—not to a firing squad which would have been their fate in Nazi Germany, for which they so dutifully worked—but for a mere term of years; 10 for Anna and seven for Kent.

Anna was a British subject by naturalization, and in her fanatical hatred for her native country and the land of her adoption, she had gone "all out" as a spy. She had even enlisted, and had been accepted, in the Auxiliary Flying Service, and had worn the uniform of the gallant and loyal English girls whose nation she had betrayed.

Through Kent she had even relayed to Berlin the secret messages between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. And it was fortunate for Kent, former Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy has since said, that the United States had not been at war with Germany at that time. The ex-ambassador, who helped to furnish the dire evidence which resulted in Kent's conviction, has declared that if this nation had been at war, he would have recommended that Kent be shot for treason.

Anna Wolkoff was not shot. The British courts showed remarkable leniency—far more leniency than was shown by the French courts, immediately after the last war, to the famed spy, Mata Hari.

PERHAPS IT was a difference in technique. For Mata Hari, one of the most sinister and fascinating figures of that earlier war, played the spy game a different way.

The beautiful Dutch-Oriental dancer, a French national, had a greed for gold and men, and a high sense of adventure. She lacked the cold, implacable, driving revenge which possessed Anna Wolkoff.

Mata Hari loved to dominate men, and she craved luxury and excitement. It mattered little to her what country paid her, as long as she was paid.

It would seem, from the findings of the British courts, that Anna Wolkoff, out of her implacable revenge against the country of her birth, designed more than dresses.

She designed death. And the salon she built is deserted now, and Ann's only quarters are, for some years to come, a cell in Old Bailey.

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